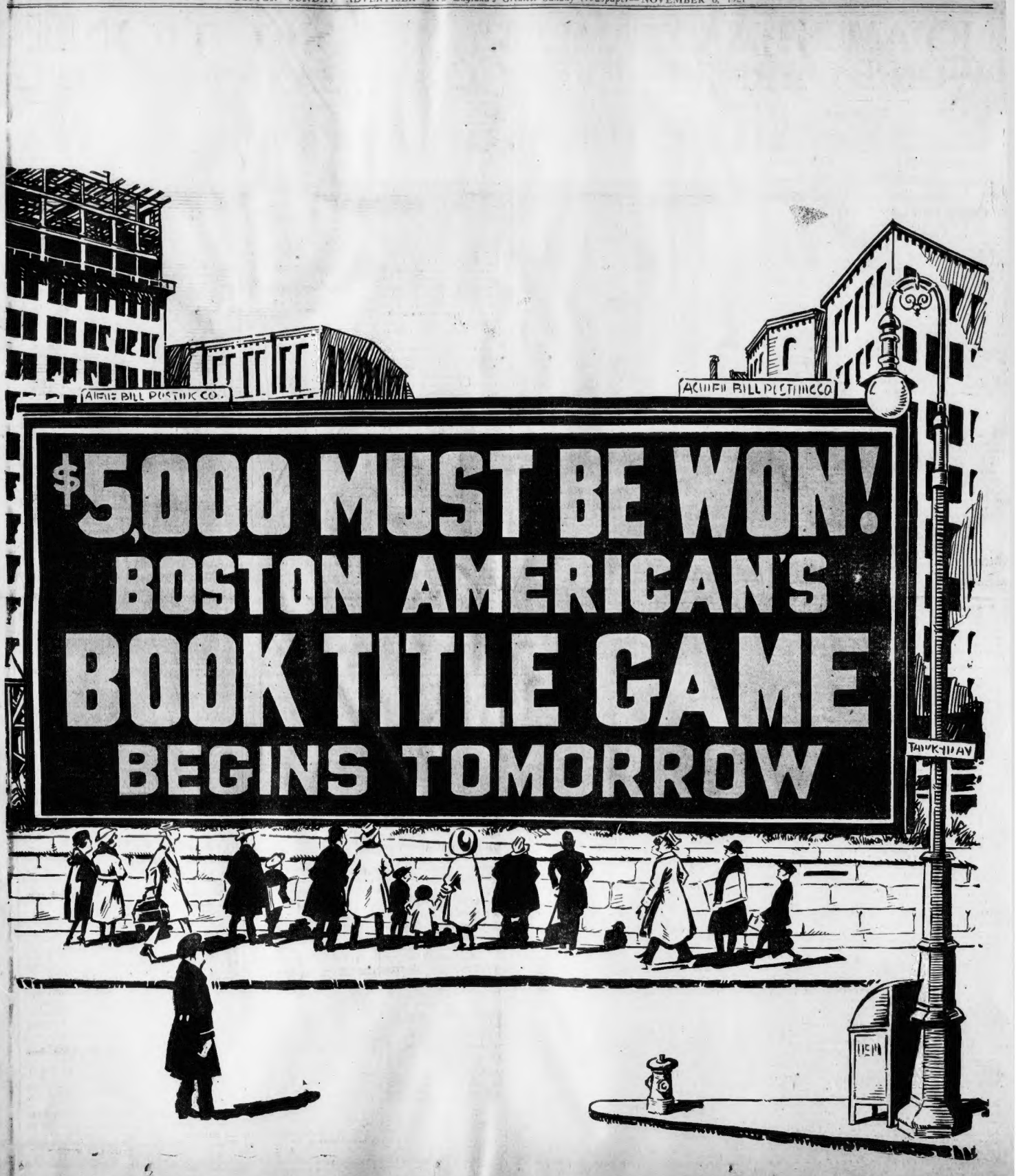
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EDITORIAL WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES, SOCIETY, CITY LIFE, DRAMATIC SECTION
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper BOSTON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1921 *New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper*

STUDY THE MOTHER SPIDER

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TO study the lives of those we call "lower animals" is a revelation and an education to every thoughtful man.

Insect life especially is amazing and bewildering. You encounter creatures with a savage ferocity that makes a human cannibal seem philanthropic. The female praying mantis, so called because it holds its front feet as though in an attitude of prayer, devours its mate, which lives only a few minutes after choosing its affinity.

You find among these creatures of the insect world a maternal devotion quite beyond our conception. The female spider crawls around, with scores of her young alive and hanging to her back, until she dies and they scatter.

The mother scorpion, moving more and more slowly, carries uncomplainingly her young ones, until they have actually finished devouring her body, and leave her, an empty shell.

There are among the insects creatures that, in proportion to their size, have a thousand times the strength of a lion.

The apparent intelligence of these creatures that exist in their thousands of billions unnumbered tribe species and varieties is bewildering and humiliating to our human mental vanity.

The great French naturalist, upon whose writing this editorial is based, tells you of the mud wasp, entirely uneducated, never having been told, which performs upon the caterpillar it captures a marvelous surgical operation, causing unconsciousness and paralysis without destroying life.

The caterpillar thus struck and rendered helpless is placed beside the eggs of the mother wasp. It lives until those eggs hatch; the young ones devour it still living. And they go off in turn and each performs the surgical operation upon another caterpillar, although they never have seen the mother that did it before them.

* * *

Mr. McCay's cartoon is based on the care that the mother spider of a certain type gives to its unborn young locked up in a ball of white eggs, and to the thoughts that are suggested by this extraordinary provision of nature for the unborn.

With his cartoon, showing how the female spider holds her eggs, exposed to the sun's rays, Mr. McCay sends this memorandum:

"Would there be an editorial in the mother spider or narbonne and her curious recognition of the sun as the source of vitality and power? This little spider, after laying her eggs, wraps them up in a ball and then sits upon her nest holding this ball up to the rays of the sun for fructification. She continues to hold the ball up until her little spiders have hatched. She is the only known insect which apparently consciously and deliberately uses the sun's rays to assist her in rearing a family.

"How did she get this knowledge? Why is it that this narbonne spider is the only one of its immense kindred to recognize, apparently, the sun as the source of all power? What put it in the head of the first spider of this kind to hold its eggs up to the sun, and how was that knowledge passed on to its kith and kin?

"Just like this little ball of spider eggs is the world spinning around the sun and held in place by the hand of gravity, or God, if one prefers. Under the sun's rays out of the earth are constantly hatching all sorts of creatures. What will hatch out after man has had his brief day?"

Mr. McCay is perhaps a little too sweeping in his statement that "the narbonne spider is the only known insect that uses the sun's rays in rearing a family."

Some ants bring up their undeveloped young ones from the burrows in the earth and expose them to the sun when they need it. Caterpillars that destroy foliage of trees suspend their eggs in a cobweb net, where sun and air refresh, warm and hatch them.

That the spider, selected by Mr. McKay, is to point a moral and adorn a cartoon, should know the value of the sun's light and warmth, and spend the warm hours of the day holding her eggs, slowly turning them around, that sunlight may reach them on all sides, is a marvel to every human being capable of thought.

The passionate devotion of insects to their helpless young shows with what wisdom nature has planned to perpetuate the various species and keep them living here in spite of sufferings and danger.

While this mother spider gives to unborn children in her round ball of eggs all of the sun's light she goes without it. She holds the eggs with her hind legs, puts her head in the darkness of the burrow in which ordinarily she lies in wait for her prey. Her head in the darkness, her hind legs outside of the hole, she turns the little speck of unborn spiders round and round.

* * *

It is not for us to ask why the wisdom that directs all things gives to this hideous mother and cruel spider offspring a devotion almost inconceivable.

If this were not done and the spiders all died, we should get our answer overwhelmingly and fatally in a plague of flies and other insects that would make life impossible.

The care that this spider takes of the unborn spiders is nicely arranged to balance the terrific breeding fertility of flies, moths and other insects.

* * *

At the public library, or a book store, get one or more of the books on insect life, written by Fabre, the great French naturalist who devoted his life to the study of powerful, fighting, hating, tiny brothers and sisters of the insect world.

When this mother spider has finished the care of her eggs, protecting them at night, warming them in the sun's light by day, until they are hatched, she enters into another stage of tragic devotion.

The tiny gray creatures, just born from the great number of eggs, climb upon the mother's back, cover her head and back, hold onto her eyes so that she can hardly see, and thus loaded down, she goes on her travels, walking slowly, eating any insect that she may be fortunate to catch.

Nature's care for the young is shown when, as occasionally happens, a mother spider, with her load of young ones on her back, meets another female spider similarly encumbered.

The two mothers fight with savage ignorant hatred that they might have copied from big two-legged creatures above them. The fight lasts until one of the two is dead, and has been "sucked dry." What happens then is the real marvel.

The young ones on the dead mother spider immediately abandon the dead carcass, climb upon the back of the victorious spider, adding their weight to that of her own young, and off that spider mother goes once more with a double load and uncomplaining. Young spiders are young spiders to her, something that must be protected, cared for, carried and endured.

By and by she grows old, feeble, dies, the young leave her. The extraordinary thing that puzzles scientists is that while they live upon her back they apparently eat no food. They do not, so far as the scientists can see, take any food from the body on which they dwell. Yet their amazing active strength grows and increases, they gain in size and live for days apparently without nourishment.

* * *

Many good things have been said by men under different conditions. The best thing, perhaps, was what Socrates said when they told him that Greece had declared him to be the wisest man. "Probably because I know that I know nothing," said he, and resumed his discourse.

If the average human being could study intelligently and closely the insect life in rotten stumps, sand piles, in the forests, the earth and the water, we should all soon know what Socrates knew, that we know nothing.

In sending this cartoon Mr. McCay has suggested a beautiful thought and comparison.

It is indeed true that divine wisdom which teaches the mother spider to hold up its young to the sunlight, also holds in its hand this earth, a tiny egg upon which humanity is developing, balancing it in the light and heat of the sun.

Safely protected, we sail around that centre of light, turning over and over. And gradually our civilization, it is to be hoped, is hatching out something worthy of the care that we receive, something more like real humanity, and less like the devouring spiders.

* * *

Do for your mind what the mother spider does for her eggs.

Turn it toward the light, toward truth, knowledge, new facts, good books, new ideas.

If there are children or others in your care, or within your influence, see that the light of truth, goodness and knowledge shines also upon them.

What the mother spider does, without knowing why, for the spider's unborn, our public schools do for the children.

There is the real hope of the future. The true light everlasting, without which nothing is worth while, is knowledge, within which abide truth, justice and kindness.

Knowing that Light is life, she holds her eggs up to the sun, and teaches us a lesson that in importance is far above health.

The female spider sacrifices energy and life itself for the next generation.

As in her hairy claws the unborn spiders are held and turned in the sun's light, so this little earth, unhatched eggs of a future civilization, is held in the hands of eternal justice and slowly turned in the light of the sun.

News of Women's Activities

Parlor Raffles Are Held by Women Voters

By FLORENCE J. COWLES.

THE Boston League of Women Voters has a municipal election committee, headed by Mrs. William Healy and it is out to elect John R. Murphy.

"If the league is 'nonpartisan' how can it endorse a candidate?" is a question women and men, too, frequently ask. Mrs. Wenona Osborne Pinkham, executive secretary, is right there with the answer.

"It is only in municipal elections that the league as a body can take an active part in endorsing and electing a candidate," she said yesterday. "The Boston City Charter recognized the fact that city government should be divorced from party politics, as it is different from State and national government. It requires that city government should be nonpartisan and its officials chosen solely for their ability to give honest and efficient administration.

"There may be a Republican and a Democratic way of viewing the tariff, but there is no Democratic way as distinct from a Republican way, of conserving public health, of patrolling public highways, or disposing of garbage.

"As the Boston City Charter in recognizing this need provided that candidates for municipal office should run without a party label, the Boston League feels, that in endorsing the men whom it feels will best guard the city's interest, it is not in any way slipping off its non-partisan platform.

"Many women ask us to what party various candidates belong. They say they haven't been able to discover through the papers, that the men are not allied to a Republican or Democratic. So the League is not injecting party politics into its meetings. Having endorsed by over a two-thirds vote the man they thought could best serve the city's needs, they are now working hard to elect him.

"This letter, in a subject in which women are vitally interested. According to Mr. Murphy, if he is elected, he will provide more supervision for dance halls and moving picture houses."

The program of the League covers a broad field. On Wednesday at 2 o'clock, the League will hold a joint meeting with the Women's Club in the Greenwood School Centre at which time Mr. James MacKaye will speak.

On Thursday, in Ward 23, there will be a "parlor rally" in the home of Mrs. Alice J. Prescott, No. 25 Park street, at 2:30 o'clock, at which time Mr. Murphy will speak. Mrs. Meyer Rosenfield will preside.

On the same day at 3 o'clock, William P. Fitzgerald, banker and lecturer, will speak upon "Community Interests," at the Dorchester High School before a joint meeting of the Dorchester League of Women Voters and the Mothers' Club, at 3 o'clock.

The Ward 14 League of Women Voters is to hold a sale of preserves, bon-bons, electric lamp shades and fancy articles at the home of the chairman, Miss Sarah S. Perkins, on Wednesday, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The speakers' class being conducted by the education for citizenship committee of the Boston League of Women Voters will meet in the Little Building tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock, at which time Mrs. Richard H. Gorham will discuss "Current Federal Legislation." On Thursday, Miss Florence B. Luscomb will speak upon "Our City Government and the Election."

The citizenship speakers of the Boston League of Women Voters are to appear before the following organizations during the coming week. Tuesday afternoon, Charlestown W. C. T. U., Miss F. H. Luscomb, upon "From Foreigner to Citizen"; Tuesday, 7:30 p. m., Students' House, No. 96 Fenway, Miss Mary P. Webster, upon "Disarmament"; Wednesday, 8 p. m., Mothers' Club of Lincoln House, "The Coming City Election," by Mrs. Wenona O. Pinkham; Wednesday, 8 p. m., Norfolk House Centre, "Important Issues in the City Election," Mrs. Hilda Hedstrom Quirk.

Thursday, 6 p. m., dinner of the William Filene's Sons Woman's Club, "The Disarmament Conference," Mrs. Richard H. Gorham.

William G. O'Hare, candidate for the Boston School Committee, will address a luncheon meeting of the industrial election committee at the Business Women's Club next Wednesday at 1 o'clock.

Denys P. Myers, secretary of the World Peace Foundation, will lecture on "Japan, and Its Relations to China, Great Britain and America," on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Marion L. Higgins, No. 31 Beacon street. This is one of a series of ten meetings for the discussion of the problems and work of the Washington conference on disarmament, which has been arranged by the league's committee on international relations, of which Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews is the chairman.

Museum of Fine Arts

Henry L. Beaver will speak on "Charles Robert Leslie" in Gallery Five of the Museum of Fine Arts this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Melbourne Green will speak on "The Museum Collection of Water Colors by John S. Sargent" in the East Corridor of the Evans building at 4 o'clock.

TWO CLUB OFFICIALS

PHOTO BY WHITE

Mrs. William J. McDonald of No. 161 Harvard avenue is the new president of the Brighthelmstone Club of Allston.

Mrs. Grace M. Poole of Brockton is the first vice-president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Birthday Party at Girl's City Club

ACQUAINTANCE among the members of the Girls' City Club is being promoted roundly during the fall season by the active work of the various circles. The organization of these circles is now arranged so that every member who comes into the club is assigned to a group of fifty or more girls, under the leadership of two members.

On Tuesday the Ace High Circle, of which Leah Crandall and Helen Mooney are leaders, will have a birthday celebration in the Chimney Corner.

"The regular business meeting will take place tomorrow evening in the Chimney Corner, when, in addition to the transaction of club business, there will be an hour of club singing.

A Fireside Reading will be given in the theater Thursday at 3:30 afternoon. Evening Club members will assemble in the library.

Miss Mary T. Orrick Brown will conduct the Round Table, Thursday night. She will give the first of her lectures on parliamentary law, for club members only.

On Armistice Day there will be a theatre party at the St. James Theatre for club members. Those who wish to attend the production of "Thirty Faces East" may only do so by securing tickets at the clubhouse.

The Chimney Corner dance on Friday evening is to be given by the Rana Social Circle, of which Miss Margaret O'Keefe and Miss Helen Rasmussen are the leaders.

Brighthelmstone Club

Tomorrow will be new members' day at the Brighthelmstone Club, Mrs. Ralph Sadler and Mrs. Paul Huntington will pour at the reception. Fireside it, there will be a lecture on immigration by Herr Harry Levi.

The following day at 2 o'clock there will be a music given under the auspices of the home economic department, of which Mrs. Gardiner E. Thorpe is the chairman.

On Wednesday there will be an all-day meeting of the education department at the home of Mrs. Ralph C. J. Menio street, Allston.

The home economics take the field again on Thursday, when they will hold an all-day meeting at the clubhouse.

Mrs. William J. McDonald is the president of the club and is urging members on to new activities.

Professional Woman's Club

Owing to the fact that the American legion asked the Professional Woman's Club to release the hall room of the Copley-Plaza to them for November 14, when they are to entertain General Foch, the regular luncheon of the club has had to be postponed. The hospitality committee has been unable to find accommodations large enough elsewhere.

Milton Woman's Club

The regular business meetings of the Milton Woman's Club will be held tomorrow in the Vose School. Mrs. Grace M. Poole will give the second of her series of current events lectures. The home economics committee announces a sale in connection with the "Pedlars' Parade" to be held Nov. 21.

Party Women of State to Hold Huge Bazaar

THE largest bazaar ever attempted in Massachusetts is being organized by the women's division of the Republican State Committee to be held December 6, 7, 8, and 9, at the Copley Plaza.

Every woman member of every Republican committee and club in the State is expected to help make it a success. Every city and town and village is to be represented. Women in rural districts miles from Boston are as keenly interested in the success of this bazaar which Mrs. James D. Tillinghast has planned as are Republican women right here in Boston.

The women expect to make enough money in these four days to carry all their work until January 1, 1924. So far, they have raised every cent they have expended. Their expenses during the presidential campaign were $13,000, and from January 1 to the present time they total $7,000.

Brookline League Issue Primer

The Brookline League of Women Voters has just issued for the use of voters in Brookline the Brookline Primer, which relates the story of the actual government of this town noted for being the largest and wealthiest town in New England. This is the first time a local league has undertaken so ambitious a piece of work. Mrs. Roland G. Hopkins is the author and the league under the chairmanship of Mrs. H. Parker Wittington will distribute it very generally.

This league is doing most interesting and important work in the community. On Armistice Day program just announced being a fair representation of its public spirit. It will take the form of a civic mass meeting at the Edward Devotion School on the evening of the holiday at eight o'clock. The general theme of the meeting will be limitation of Armament by International Agreement. Four-minute adresses will be given by the Protestant and Catholic clergy and by the Jewish rabbi.

Dr. William Harnes will give the main address and a large chorus of voices is to furnish a musical program. Local and patriotic organizations will be represented and Mrs. Wittington will preside.

Members of Riding Club to Dine

MONDAY afternoon the riding club dines at the Business Women's clubhouse at 6 o'clock after their weekly jaunt under the leadership of Mrs. Anna Merritt Rawson. Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, Professor Arthur Abbott continues his series of lectures, taking as the evening's topic: "The New Problem of Society—Eugenics versus Proletarian."

The Business Women's Club chorus now number eighty members and meets on Tuesday from 5:30 to 6:30 p. m. Its director is Miss Margaret Stone, of the staff of the Boston School of Music. The group of which Miss Marguerite Stone is the leader is planning a concert for November 30 when an audience may judge for itself of the progress made over last year.

Drama League

The monthly meeting of the Drama League will be held on Thursday evening, at No. 3 Joy street, in conjunction with the Theatre Guild. There will be joint play-reading by members of both organizations, the principal piece being a brilliant comedy by the author of "Hit Pym Pym By." There will also be an open forum discussion of current drama, led by the Theatre Guild and a discussion of their plans for the season. Refreshments as usual.

Acton Woman's Club

The November meeting of the Acton Woman's Club will be held on Wednesday afternoon, at which time a lecture on "The Use of Our Own Library" will be given by Miss Katherine Jones, general secretary of division of public libraries. A social hour, with tea, will follow.

Mothers' Council

The Mothers' Council of Lexington will meet at the home of Mrs. Charles C. Goodwin, at Sunnyside, on Merriam street, next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Miss Margaret Pierson, educational secretary of the Florence Crittenden Leagues of Compassion, will be the speaker.

Film Club

Mrs. J. Wentworth Brackett, president of the Film Club, is opening her Roxbury home for a whist party Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the club fund. Tickets are obtainable from the secretary, Mrs. Robert E. Lassley, Garrison Hall.

Maynard Women's Club

The Maynard Women's Club will hold its November meeting Tuesday evening, when Miss [illegible] will talk on "India, the Calling Land." [illegible]

Mrs. Myrtle Brown will be the soprano soloist.

Gloucester Woman's Club

Mrs. Wilfred H. Ringer, chairman of the [illegible] is in charge of the meeting of the Gloucester Woman's Club to be held next Friday afternoon.

Quincy Women's Club

"Is It More Honorable to Be Fat Than Lean?" will be the subject of a humorous debate at the next meeting of the Quincy Woman's Club. The meeting will be held in the club house at 2:30 o'clock, Mrs. Lane, the president, will preside.

As the Widow Sees Them

"IF you can't keep smiling, go to your room and shut the door; that's the only place for you."

Such advice one waitress was passing on to another when The Widow went in for breakfast the other morning.

"There's no place in the world for a person who can't keep smiling," she continued. Things don't always go smoothly, but the public isn't interested. We are all selfish at heart and hate to be bothered with other people's troubles. Above all, people resent a forlorn face.

"The woman who makes good is the woman who smiles and keeps on smiling regardless of what happens to her. Everyone has a good word for her and soon the manager has a better job for her. So remember what I say Nellie, and if you can't smile go to your room and shut the door and don't come out until you CAN smile!"

• • •

"A MAN has to be agile and quick-witted to be a Boston traffic officer. If he isn't, he'll get killed." The speaker chuckled. He was a New York traffic officer.

"I went to Boston on my vacation," he continued. "Intended to stay a couple of days, but do you know, I couldn't tear myself away. I stayed over a week. I missed all my time watching the squad operate.

"In Boston automobiles and pedestrians do pretty much as they want to regardless of signals. There may be a few crossings where the policeman has the crowd under control, but on the others, autos and pedestrians come and go as they choose, and the cop has to keep moving to keep from getting killed. My sympathies sure are with the Boston force."

• • •

ALL heads turned as the waitress entered with a tray on which was a remarkable looking dish. It wasn't on the menu card. A feathered bird was sitting on a nest of parsley and greens. Only the feathers and beak had been plucked. The head, neck and wings presented the usual aspect.

The dish with its many garnishing was set on the table and the head proceeded to carve the bird. Everyone watched, too horrified to remember manners. Soon the backbone was bare and the feathered head and wings bore mute testimony to what the bird had been. There are several dishes which are occasionally served head and all, but this feathered dish was the most gruesome The Widow has ever seen.

• • •

THREE cars met in collision the other night at the corner of Newbury and Dartmouth streets. One car was practically demolished. Men with brooms and shovels were cleaning the street of broken glass. Weekly Jaunt under the leadership of Mrs. Anna Merritt Rawson. Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, Professor Arthur Abbott continues his series of lectures, taking as the evening's topic: "The New Problem of Society—Eugenics versus Proletarian."

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Society Buds to Study Civics

THE first luncheon of the legislative committee of the Junior League will be held next Tuesday at 12:30 in the new clubrooms, No. 240 Boylston street. Professor Robert DeCourcey Ward of Harvard College will speak on immigration. Immediately afterward, Mrs. Jackson Fleming will open her course in current events at the Copley-Plaza.

The second lecture in the course which is required before debutantes can become full-fledged league members will be held on Thursday, at 10 o'clock, in the Out-Patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

The series of lectures will be given again later in the year. Debutantes are given the choice of attending this series or a later series. Each member, however, must attend six of the eight lectures and then pass an examination before she can qualify as a regular member of the Junior League.

Miss Ethel Cummings has been elected chairman of the debutantes and Miss Margaret Porter debutante vice-chairman.

Miss Isabella Numford is the chairman of the provisional membership committee, and Mrs. Francis C. Gray, president of the league.

Following is a list of the lectures which members must attend:

On November 10, Massachusetts General Hospital, out-patient department, Fruit street, at 10 a. m.; speaker, Miss Baker. November 17, Boston Dispensary, Bennett street, at 10 a. m.; speaker, Miss Harvey. November 21, family welfare, 43 Hawkins street, at 10 a. m.; speakers, Mr. Raymond and Miss Woodbury. November 28, baby hygiene, Dennison House, 92 Tyler street, at 2:30 p. m.; speaker, Miss Rand. December 5, Tidesvar League, Junior League rooms, 240 Boylston street, at 10 a. m.; speaker, Miss Husted. December 8, work with the blind, time and place announced later. December 7, Girl Scout class, Blue Triangle Club, Mechanics Hall, at 8:15 p. m.; Miss Mary Troop. December 8, examination. Junior League rooms, 240 Boylston street, at 10 a. m.

Arlington Woman's Club

Under the direction of the home economics committee of the Arlington Woman's Club, Mrs. Ernest Southwick, chairman, the Salvage Bureau will be operated again this year. Any person, whether a member of the club or not, desiring to purchase a specified article, or offering such article for sale, should communicate with Mrs. Southwick or with Mrs. Herbert S. Teele. The club has hired one room in the house of the District Nursing Association, where articles may be purchased or offered for sale every Saturday afternoon. Later the bureau will be open to the public on one day of each week at the club house.

Women's Italian Club

Mrs. Thomas Nutile is in charge of the arrangements for the social tea party to be given by the Women's Italian Club on Wednesday afternoon, at their clubrooms, No. 685 Boylston street.

Mrs. Tancred Ferretti is chairman of the hospitality committee. The club is making extensive preparations for their annual bazaar to be held early in December.

State Federation Club Notes

CLUBWOMEN of Massachusetts went on record at the presidents' conference at Attleboro as unanimously adopting the following resolutions drawn up by influential women's organizations of the State as expressing their loyalty to President Harding. Mrs. George Minot Baker, president, was of the committee on reduction of armament, headed by Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, to forward this movement.

"Resolved, that the women of Massachusetts, members of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs, hereby declare themselves unreservedly in favor of the limitation of armaments by international agreement and we pray that definite results may be accomplished. Be it further

"Resolved, that we pledge out united support to our President in this effort to secure the purposes for which the conference is called."

• • •

TOMORROW, Mrs. Baker will be the guest of honor of the Woman's Club, Weed's Hole; on Tuesday, of the Outlook Club, Keaton, and on Thursday, of the Daughters of Massachusetts.

• • •

UNDER the civil service department of the federation, a course of six lectures will be held in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library on Saturday mornings at 10:30 o'clock.

Indian Revolution to Be Discussed at City Club

TARAKNATH DAS, a native of India and a citizen of the United States, will speak on "Mahatma Gandhi and the Non-Violent Revolutionary Movement in India" in Pilgrim Hall, No. 14 Beacon street, at 7:45 o'clock, on Monday, under the auspices of the Women's City Club. Those club members who heard last year from H. A. L. Horne the English side of this question will be interested to hear from an Indian sympathizer of the work and follower of Gandhi, the founder of the non-co-operating movement in India, a movement directed against foreign trade, foreign schools and foreign civil institutions which is perhaps the greatest nationalist movement in the world. For members only.

Miss Helen Fraser, commissioner in the Department of the Treasury in England, will be the guest of the club at luncheon on Thursday at 12:30 o'clock in the clubhouse, and will speak afterwards on "The Master Minds in English Politics Today." Miss Fraser is a member of the British Institute of International Affairs and of the executive committee of the International Association for Equal Citizenship.

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Realizing the demand for man-tailored coats, we have manufactured in our own Men's shops one hundred winter coats for women.

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For motoring, football games—general outdoor wear they are unsurpassed. Eight different fabrics, and eight different color effects.

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The seeming reduction of weight; the suggestion of youthful contour that the mirror reflects, makes doubters believers.

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Beautiful brown, heather mixtures, pure wool, ribbed; value $1.85, now... $1.45

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LONELY HEARTS

This feature appears every morning in the Boston Daily Advertiser

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:
I am a Young Lady
Of Nineteen,
Medium Height,
Considered Good Looking.
Interested in Sports,
Which is All Good.
Very Good.
BUT
I am Lonesome,
Which is Not so Good.
Would Like to Meet
A Refined Gentleman
Of Jewish Parentage.
I Thank You. APOLOGIES.

Editor Lonely Hearts:
I wonder if you could do something for me.—Am a young girl and very lonely. I would very much like to get acquainted and correspond with a nice young gentleman from 20 to 25 years of age. Catholic would be preferable. "QUEEN."

Editor Lonely Hearts:
I am a constant reader of your paper and like it very much. Am a girl nineteen years old and would like to correspond with some respectable boy about my own age. I would like to hear from F. S., Roxbury, if he has not found any one yet. AUGUST.

Editor Lonely Hearts:
I have read with interest the many letters printed in your column and have decided to try and find out if I may not have some luck.

I would appreciate it very much of I could meet some nice young lady about twenty or twenty-one years, who is also lonely and desires the friendship of a young gentleman.

I am 5 feet 8 inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, have light hair and blue eyes and can dance fairly well.

I hope that some young lady will see this letter and send me an answer. D. W.

Editor of Lonely Hearts:
Please come to my aid. Am twenty, have dark eyes and hair and I am 5 feet 8 inches tall. Have studied piano four years and now taking singing lessons.

I would like to correspond with a young man of my age who is also fond of music.

I have not had the chance to meet many young fellows, as I was always afraid to pick them on the streets or in automobiles, which is so common nowadays, and waited to be introduced. MISS E. G.

Dear Editor:
I am a girl nineteen years of age and would like to become acquainted with a young man as lonely as I am. I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, have dark hair and eyes and would like to hear from a reader of this wonderful paper. LONESOME.

G. N. C.
Lonely Heart Editor:
In there an unmarried man between the ages of fifty and sixty, who would like to meet a woman of forty-six—object entirement, love and companionship? I am a widow, Protestant, have, property, and earn $60 a week. But I am a stranger in this city and very lonesome. A man who answers this call for friendship must be clean and straight and have some means. One with taste and refinement for the difference between a man with a girl nineteen years old and the difference between Success and Failure. I have read this column with interest, and I hope many have found the friendship and companionship they were seeking. GRACE.

Editor Lonely Hearts:
I am a girl of 18 years, but am very lonely, so I am coming to you for help, as you have helped many other lonely hearts."

I she'd like, through your columns, to correspond with some nice, refined and educated young man between 24 and 28 years of age.

I am five feet three inches tall, blue eyes and brown hair, weighing about 128 pounds. BRIGHTIE.

Lonely Hearts Editor:
I am interested in your column and would like to correspond with a gentleman about 26 years old. If "C. A. A." who recently wrote to this column would drop me a card, I shall be glad to hear from him.

As I am an out-of-town girl, I am enclosing a addressed envelope which will reach me. R. R. R.

News of Interest To Society—by Mrs. C. H. Washburn

NOVEMBER'S OUTLOOK BRILLIANT

By Mrs. C. H. Washburn

NOVEMBER has come in with an exceptional program of events from the gay to the utilitarian, in all of which society, from older to younger, is actively concerned. On the second Tuesday of the exceedingly busy month comes the annual bazaar in aid of the South End Nursery at the Copley-Plaza, to be followed there on Tuesday of the following week by the bazaar in the interest of the Woman's Municipal League, with Mrs. Goodwin chairman of the executive committee. Given a large number of tables laden with fancy, foreign and useful articles, with farm and dairy products and a variety of choice preserves, besides a large showing of flowers and plants, the prospect looks bright for a busy day for vendors and purchasers.

Brides have their November showing, but naturally much less conspicuous than that of the preceding month. During the second week comes Miss Hartwell's wedding to Mr. Anthony at Chestnut Hill, following a short engagement. Miss Mandell and Mr. Gagebin are also to be married during the month.

November's earlier weeks also open what promises to be an exceptional debutante season, rejoicing December, usually taking the lead in that notable feature, as it looks now, to second place. Of the first event on the cards for these fortunate young people and marking the most prominent perhaps of the month, comes the dinner dance for the trio of debutantes, the Misses Porter, Sutton and Onderdonk, to be given by Mrs. Proctor on Saturday of this week at "Mostly Hall," the country place at Hamilton. These girls so honored are intimate friends of Miss Proctor, whose brilliant coming out marked two years ago with a red stone. Nearly three hundred cards have gone out for this event, than which nothing could more notably or brilliantly open the debutante season.

On Thursday afternoon, November 17, comes the presentation of large interest of Miss Cummings, marked with special significance, as she has just been chosen chairman of the debutante group, with Miss Porter for vice-chairman. This event will be in town at the Cummings home on Joy street.

Later on in the month a similar interest comes in with Miss Scott's presentation, with an out-of-town setting, in honor of which Mr. and Mrs. F. Murray Forbes are giving a dance on the 22d at their country place in Wellesley, following a dinner at the Scotts'.

During November's last week Miss Winsor's debut at the Somerset comes to the fore prominently, and so on dirling the coming early gay month for this group. With the best intentions in the world, it will be no easy matter to have something for each and every one of this large and notable number. Certainly there will be sufficient to keep embroiderers busy in this direction up to Ash Wednesday.

Thanksgiving week, besides its customary large showing in the way of family reunions and festivities, centering more especially around the home, will not be immune from similar delightful interests. The dance for Miss Saltonstall given by the William A. Dupees leads off perhaps in importance. The dinner hostesses for that night, Mesdames Hallowell, Grew and Warren, will take on their young people for the dance at the Marlboro street house.

Woman's Day at the Copley-Plaza on Thursday of next week must not be overlooked with all else that is filling the days and nights with such gay and interesting activities, private and public. Every hour seems to bring new features for that unique undertaking, each one more attractive than the preceding, and all together bringing promise of a success as quaint as unprecedented.

In a very different direction yesterday morning the Exeter Street Theatre was filled with a wonderful gathering of children to see the stereopticon pictures of wild animals and other creatures of the woods and fields, arranged by Mr. Baynes and given for the benefit of the convalescent home of the Children's Hospital. It was really a wonderful sight, independent of what was shown on the stage, the happy, eager faces of the multitude of children, with their guardians, filling every seat of the playhouse. A large representation of the patronesses, which included Mesdames Andrew Peters, Robert Amory, Henry Forbes Bigelow, Robert Wales Emmons, 3d, and F. Murray Forbes, with many, many more who have young people or borrowed them for the occasion, were in the overflowing company.

MISS FRANCES FAIRCHILD
PHOTO BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

MISS ELEANOR HIGGINSON
PHOTO BY BACHRACH

MRS HENRY RUDD EUGENIA GARDINER
PHOTO BY BACHRACH

Boston's Showing On Olympic

MR. AND MRS. BRUCE ALLAN, Mrs. Boylston Beal, Miss Elizabet Beal, Miss Rebecca Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Robbins and their young son, R. C. Robbins, Jr., were of those booked to sail from New York yesterday on the Olympic. The Allans are going over to spend the Winter at Cannes and with them will be Mrs. Allan's sister, Mrs. Guy Norman who sailed several weeks ago. During her absence Mrs. Norman has leased her house on Massachusetts avenue in Washington to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Prothingham who are to spend their first Winter at the capital where the former entered upon his official duties last March.

Mrs. Prothingham is in mourning for her brother, the late Frederick Lothrop Ames, so they will take little part in the gay life of the Winter.

Mrs. Beal and her daughter are returning to London for their first Winter, as last season they spent in the Orient and did not rent a house until the Spring. Mr. Beal's duties at the embassy did not prove sufficient to detain them, and after a visit to Paris, in the Spring, they left for their home in London, where Miss Smith is going over to continue her studies in art and will be joined in Paris, by the Spring, by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith. The Robbinses who were booked for an earlier boat, have for several Winters been of the Santa Barbara colony, so are making something of a new departure for this season.

Arriving in New York on the Olympic on Tuesday were Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop and Miss Clara Winthrop; Miss Barbara Burr and Mr. and Mrs. George von L. Meyer. The Winthrops had been absent for several months going over to spend the Summer and early Autumn in the English country with Mr. and Mrs. J. Grant Forbes, (Margaret Winthrop), and their children. Miss Burr has been with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, in Paris, where Miss Burr and Miss Winter. Mr. Burr with Captain and Mrs. Phillip Sherwood, (Edith Burr), in the Philippines, joined his wife during the Summer in Paris where it is understood they are to stay on. They have leased the Marlboro street house to the William Dupees formerly that of Mrs. Hyde, who are presenting their daughter, Miss Jeannie Dupee. The Meyers sailed in September for a short trip only, leaving their children with the paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George von L. Meyer, at Hamilton.

Features of the League's Bazaar

EVERY day there comes something new and interesting for society and the public in the interest of the Woman's Municipal League bazaar to be held at the Copley-Plaza on Tuesday of next week. Among the features most emphasized this year is a wonderful semi-professional tea dances shall appear. Besides all these, a number of Harvard students who have won honors for their clever skits, will do the program.

Also of special interest in another direction will be the group of subdebutantes, who are to be ushers, including the Misses Carolyn Sargent, Barbara Nichols, Frances Weld, Frances Weed, Barbara Stone and Constance Ripley. Mr. McKeels are already at a premium there should be no delay in securing them.

Madam Timothee Adamowski, Robert Treat Paine and John T. Wheelwright will preside over the table of sweets and delicacies with the assistance of Miss Eleanor Goodwin, who will have a group of debutantes on hand. Mrs. Stephen Fitzgerald has promised a table of preserves and canned goods, Mrs. Rodman Peabody, Mrs. Joseph Seabury and Miss Evelyn Search of her helpers. Mrs. William H. Amss, Mrs. Frederick Lord and Miss Chlirine Russell are preparing a children's stall with toys, books and clothing among a number of other attractive things.

The luncheon tables have been mostly taken. Among those who will entertain are Mesdames Charles Weld, Dudley Howe, Bayard Thayer, Ronald Lyman, Everett Morss, Guy Mickels and Edward J. Holmes. Mrs. Lyman is in charge of the group. Miss Pauline Croll has made some attractive posters.

Of The Hundred Club Season

PLANS are now well under way for the Hundred Club season, to open before the end of the month and, as usual, at the Copley-Plaza. The State Suite will be used this season for these dances instead of the Swiss room of other years, but when the big ballroom is available, they will be used there. The Hundred Club orchestra has been greatly improved so that music of rare excellence can be definitely assured, Mesdames Horace Binney, 3d, Parker Bremer, Wolcott Howe Johnson, Charles Allen Porter, Frederick S. Whitwell, Morris Murphy, Philip M. Reynolds and Charles J. White make the executive committee. Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Reynolds, who are presenting daughters this Winter, and Mrs. S. Parker Bremer, who has two daughters among the girls who came out two or three years ago, are the new members. These whose addresses have been changed will please notify Mr. Channing, the number whose direction the dances are to be given as before.

New Features of Woman's Day

EVERY hour of every day seems to bring a new feature for the Copley-Plaza Woman's Day on Wednesday, the 16th, which promises one of the largest and most novel successes of the year in charity interests. Leading in attraction for the feminine crowd will be perhaps the street of twenty shops with its wonderful collection of gowns, hats and everything else that goes to delight the feminine eye and empty the feminine purse.

Of the infinite variety of other things will be music, and the dance, bridge, tea drinking, Oriental entertainments, the afternoon tea hour and later the enjoyment of the midnight frolic in the grand ballroom which will go on to the early morning hours. Bridge will be played during morning and afternoon. Those in charge of the games led by Mrs. Albert Croll will be Mesdames Warren Weeks, Ezra and Conover Fiske, William E. Page and Miss Elizabeth Williams.

Of Society and Its Movements

MRS. CHARLES BARNARD PRINCE entertained at tea at her home on Beacon street Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. Thomas Handasyd Cabot, who is shortly going abroad. During the afternoon, Mrs. Edward James gave a reading. Mrs. Maynard Lisle is again sailing for Italy, probably before the New Year. Dr. and Mrs. Judd made a long stay at their fine place "Arden," Beverly Farms.

Mrs. George B. Millar and her niece, Miss Decker, who makes her home with her, are for the usual short stay at the house on Bay State road after the Summer and earlier Autumn at their cottage at Bass Rocks, before going on to Florida for the Winter. Mrs. Wilbur's villa, "Woodlands," in Florida, is one of the notably finest ones in that region of palatial Winter homes.

Mrs. John Heard and her son, John, are back again at the Marlboro street house after a long season at Nahant, and among the very last of the cottagers to leave the shore.

Have Bought Winter Homes

MR. AND MRS. KENNARD WINSOR, who formerly had an apartment on Commonwealth avenue, and last Winter were with Mrs. Winsor's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson of Marlboro street, are to join the Chestnut Hill colony, where Mr. Winsor has purchased the property at 91 Middlesex road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Sprague Goodwin, (Juliet Higginson), of "Mill Farm," Dover, are to have a permanent town residence, as Mr. Goodwin has bought the Prescott Fay house, 5 Otis place. For several seasons they leased a house in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Stone Raymond (Pauline Pollard), formerly of Cleveland and more recently of the all-the-year-round colony on the North Shore, have bought for their Winter home the late Mrs. George A. Amory's house, 13 Marlboro street. Mrs. Raymond is a daughter of Mrs. A. Wilder Pollard of Commonwealth avenue, a sister of Mrs. Alvin Sortwell of the North Shore group of permanent cottagers, and also of Mrs. Katharine and Miss Priscilla Dalyard, the latter of this season's debutantes.

Miss Carnegie at Phillips Houss

MANY messages with flowers, fruits and other sympathetic offerings are going to Miss Nancy Carnegie at Phillips House, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis a few days ago and is doing well. During a visit with Mrs. Charles Weld the summons came. With her parents, the Andrew Carnegies, 2d, the young girl is of the North Shore Summer colony. After leaving there, and before going on to the Winter home in Florida, the family made quite a stay at the Copley Plaza. Some two years ago the Henry S. Hussells, neighboring cottagers at Manchester, gave a coming-out dinner-dance for Miss Carnegie on the shore.

Society to Give Benefit at Theatre

WITH all the benefits, bazaars and other attractions to catch society's interest and their plethoric purses, comes in line most attractively the big theatrical benefit at the Colonial Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22d. It is to be given under the auspices of Boston's Community Service to add to its fund for the Soldiers' Relief service men, and society and the stage are being equally generous and spontaneous in their assistance.

Of the patronesses who have already given their services are Mesdames John C. Gray, Leverett Tuckerman, 2d, S. Parker Bremer, Alexander Whiteside, Harold J. Coolidge, Russell Codman, Dudley L. Pickman, Francis B. Crowninshield, John E. Thayer, George Lee, Frederick S. Whitwell, Charles C. Weld, S. W. R. Crosby, Robert G. Shaw, 2d, George S. Mumford, Oliver Ames, Jr., Henry Cabot, Amory A. Lawrence, John Silsbee Curtis, George Lewis, James M. Newell, Ezra Pitch, James Cunningham Gray, Allyne Fuller, Leonard Williams, David Cheever and Theodore Burgess.

Also Mmes. William L. Parker, E. Farnum Greene, Henry D. Chapin, Edward J. Holmes, Edgar Achorn and Leon Weyburn, the Misses Rose Dexter, Dorothy Forbes, Cornelia Bowditch and Mary Bartlett with Governor and Mrs. Channing Cox and Mayor and Mrs. Andrew Peters.

Before the theatre luncheons will be in order and box parties for the more seriously disabled veterans are being arranged by Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Fuller. Mrs. James Cunningham Gray, Mrs. Coe and Miss Elizabeth Leland are chairman of committees.

Wedding With Boston Interest

BOSTON was equally interested with Philadelphia in the wedding in the latter city this week of Miss Mona Crozier and Mr. Neal Wainwright. Miss Crozier is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Crozier (Florence Robinson), of Philadelphia, who spent last Winter at "Ion Air Cottage", Palm Beach, Florida, wither the announcement of the engagement came. Mr. Crozier is a member of the Rittenhouse, Racquet, Markham and Country among other prominent Philadelphia clubs, as well as the Racquet and Tennis in New York, and the Maryland and Elkridge Fox Hunt in Baltimore.

Mr. Wainwright is a son of Robert Wainwright of the Somerset Club, and a nephew of Mrs. Henry S. Howe. He belongs to the Harvard '19 class, completing his course after his service in the war. His business interests are in Philadelphia where he has made his home since graduation. Mr. Wainwright, whose ushers included a number of his Boston classmates, gave his farewell bachelor dinner Thursday night at the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

Of Debutante Group—Notes

THE Rev Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rodman Shippen have sent cards out for the presentation of their daughter, Zoe Shippen, on Saturday, November the 12th, from 4 to 7 o'clock, at their home, 89 Ivy street, Longwood. The Rev. Mr. Shippen is pastor of the Second Unitarian Church on Audubon road.

Mrs. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice have arrived at the Ritz Hotel in Paris and are to stay on there for several weeks before leaving for the East, where they plan to spend the Winter.

Mr. Gordon Dexter was of those more recently closing their country places on the North Shore and coming to town for the Winter. Mr. Dexter's country home is on Hale street, Beverly Farms, and his town house on Beacon street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Parkman Shaw closed their season in Lenox a week ago and returned to the Marlboro street house.

Mrs. Charles F. Aldrich from Fairwoods Farm, Dublin, New Hampshire, and Dr. and Mrs. Richard Wadsworth were last week in the Boston group at Red Lion Inn, Stockbridge.

Miss Stanwood's Mission Shop

IN line with the large work the young people of society are engaged in the many and varied directions of philanthropy comes news that Miss Faith Stanwood, of the Boston group doing such wonderful work at Dr. Grenfel's mission in Labrador, is to open a small shop to sell goods made by this mission, next week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at Mrs. Patten's hat studio, No. 719 Boylston street. Some of the attractive and novel things she will offer are hooked mats, toys, tweeds, furs and golf stockings. Miss Stanwood's reason for this is her keen enthusiasm over the mission and its work in which she was engaged all last Winter and her thorough belief in the great good it is doing. Miss Katharine Pollard was another of the Grenfel Boston group last year and still earlier Miss Polly Proctor was of its workers.

Here and There With Society

MRS. HAMILTON OSGOOD, who had been all Summer at the Dublin house after her long visit in Ireland with her daughter, Mrs. Erskine Childers, is at 354 Marlboro street for the Winter.

News of grandfather honors from Buenos Aires, Argentine, has come to Mr. Alfred D. Chandler of Brookline, from the birth of a daughter to the Alfred D. Chandlers, Jr., named Mary Averill Chandler.

Miss Louisa Wells is booked to sail on the Adriatic, leaving Liverpool next week on the 16th, after her Summer and Autumn abroad.

Mrs. John L. Thorndike had dining with her at the Homestead, Hot Springs, Wednesday night, among others, Mrs. Augustus Rantoul, who is also of the Boston group at the Springs. Mrs. Rantoul and Mrs. Orne left late in the week for Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Phillips Wadsworth came on to Boston Wednesday from the Curtis Hotel in Lenox, which closed on the day, ending then the sixty-eighth season under the ownership and management of the Curtis family.

Honeymoons in the Orient

THE Orient seems of late to have had a notable honeymoon call. Certainly so far as Boston is concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Foster, after their brilliant wedding in Washington in mid-June, let off, ultimately, after a stay in Bermuda. Then in September the Robert Herrick, Jrs., after their Emmanuel Church ceremonial, sailed off for a year's absence in the farthest East. This same lure was later caught by the Alexander Thomas who are to make China one of their destinations. These young people with their respective families had just returned from Europe shortly after their marriage. The last honeymooners to leave were the Robert Choates after the October ceremonial on the shore, who are to make Egypt their definite goal and do not plan to return before the Spring.

Of Debutantes At Capital

Boston has an interest in the presentation of two of the most prominent debutantes of the Washington winter, Bertha, the daughter of Princess Cantacuzene, who with her mother is to spend the winter with Mrs. Frederick Grant, and the lovely young Countes Caroline de Buisseret, who is with her grandmother, Mrs. John P. Storey, Senior.

Mrs. Grant intends to invoke all the glorious memories of the past when her granddaughter, Princess Bertha, is presented. This young princess was of the most conspicuous attendants at the marriage of her brother, Prince Michel Cantacuzene, and Clarissa Curtis at Nahant the last of June.

At Art Museum for Lecture

MR. SHUTTLEWORTH'S interesting lecture on India at the Museum of Fine Arts last Monday made one of the interesting occasions of the October month for a large number of people whose artistic interests lie in that direction. A few in the large company gathered there were Mesdames Barrett Wendell, Mark A. deWolfe Howe, James Stearns Lee and the Misses Adelaide Wadsworth, Cornelia Whittier, Gertrude and Frances Townsend with Mr. and Mrs. John Lodge. Mrs. William Sturgis Bigelow and Mesdames Williams, and Messrs. Leverett Bradley, John Briggs Potter, Albert Croll and Charles Hawes.

Here and There With People

MRS. RICHARD C. MACLAURIN, whose late husband was president of Institute of Technology, after spending last Winter in Scotland is again to be in Boston with her two young sons and at her house, 12 Charles River Square. Just now Mrs. Maclaurin is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Everett Morss at the Commonwealth avenue house and meeting very pleasantly a number of her old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Fenno, who went over early in the Summer to join their daughter, Miriam, who was of the group of Boston girls doing good work in the devastated France district, were registered in Paris at the office of the New York Herald, a fortnight ago. Miss Fenno was one of the leading debutantes of two Winters ago.

The Minots Abroad For Winter

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH GRAFTON MINOT, prominent in the choice colony of Boston people, who are to spend the Winter abroad, are settled happily in Territet, Switzerland. For several years now the Minots have been of the choice colony at Santa Barbara. The Ed. In S. Websters are to be at the Minots' Berkeley street house for their second year. With Mr. Minot and Mrs. Bryce Allan abroad until Spring, and Mr. Harrett Wendell Ewing in Chicago, only Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, Mrs. Edward Brandegee and Mr. S. Hooper Hooper of the managers of the assemblies are in town, so it seems almost certain that for still another year they will have to be given up. Mrs. Thayer's engrossing administrative duties take her daily to the State House, and other interests in the same general direction hardly give her time for society's claim to any extent."

For Week End In Lenox

MR. AND MRS. JAMES LOWELL PUTNAM, who still keep up their Boston affiliation, were last week-end guests of the Newbold Morrises at their fine place, "Shadhurst," in Lenox. The Frederick Winthrops, who had been for a few days with Mrs. Robert Winthrop, are again in town at the Berkeley street house, The Winthrops have a country place at Hamilton. Only recently Mrs. Winthrop returned from Europe, where, with other members of the Thayer family, she visited Count and Countess Mollke in the Denmark home.

To Be For Winter In Cambridge

IT is interesting to hear that during the Winter's absence of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey L. Cabot, who, after a late season at "The Oaks," Beverly Farms, sailed for Europe about a month ago, their house on Highland street in Cambridge is to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James J. Cabot. After the brilliant wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral about two years ago, when Rear-Admiral Rush gave his daughter away, the young people made their home in West Virginia. During the stay of the Rear-Admiral and family at the Charlestown Navy Yard, his daughter was one of the handsomest and most popular girls in the exclusive Boston set of her years.

Of Boston Group at Hot Springs

MRS. ROBERT LOVETT, before leaving Hot Springs late in the week gave a Hallowe'en dinner at The Homestead for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wood, Lawrence Aspinwall and Norman Henderson of New York, which made one of the gayest of the number that night. Mrs. John L. Thorndike and Mrs. Augustus N. Rantoul of the Boston group at The Homestead were guests of honor the same evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John Y. G. Walker of New York. Mrs. Walker was Elizabeth Almy. Miss Katharine Fay had a farewell luncheon that day at The Homestead with the Carl de Gersdorffs before she left in the afternoon for the year round home at Wellesley Hills. Mrs. Augustin H. Parker of Charles River is at the Springs for a fortnight's visit.

To Preside Over Lodge Mansion

IT is understood by those in authority at the capitol that neither Mrs. Constance Lodge Gardner nor Mrs. Davis Lodge, the daughter-in-law, are to preside over the amenities of Henry Cabot Lodge's Washington household this Winter greatly to the surprise of their large and influential circle. It has been rather a wonder that Mr. Lodge did not offer that brilliant position to Mrs. Grafton Minot of North Shore Summer colony, especially as she has gone to for a public career and it would be a fine chance for the head of Lodge is to have the John Ellerton Lodges in the household, that Lodge may be at the head of his household.

To Spend Winter in Rome

MR. AND MRS. HENRY CLEVELAND PERKINS, for several years of the Hamilton Summer colony on the North Shore, are to open their Washington house on Connecticut avenue this Winter, Mrs. Perkins and her daughter Ruth are to be for the Winter in Rome, where the son, Cleveland Perkins, is a member of the American embassy. He is of the youngest in the official position, for he graduated from Harvard in 1915.

Miss Sears to Exhibit at Show

WHEN Miss Eleonora Sears sold her show horses and ponies at auction at Durland's Riding Academy, in New York, last year, and announced her withdrawal from the show ring, it was thought that the trim hackney harness mare Irvington Nipper Girl, then a four-year-old, for which she was reported to have paid $5,000 to the manager of J. Marvy Whitelaw's farm at Lexington, Miss Sears still is the owner of the handsome little daughter of Irvington Nipper and Maid of Irvington and has entered her in the coming National Horse Show in New York, by which she retains a minor active interest in what formerly she had such a large and victorious showing.

Society's Varied Movements

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM DAVIES SOHIER, JR., returning on the last crossing of the Olympic, will be on the North Shore until they leave for the Winter. During the home in New Orleans to spend the Winter as planned. The Dexters will be in the Washington house.

Mrs. Edward S. Grew was for a brief time in the Berkeley street house, Poland Springs, before settling for the Winter at the Marlboro street house.

The Reginald Boardmans came up last week from their West Manchester place to their Winter home on Marlboro street. Mr. and Mrs. Philip du Pont Copeland, their young people are again at their Manchester home, Beaverbrook, on Hill, after their season on the Manchester shore.

Mrs. R. Sturgis Blake and Miss Marian Blake, from the Summer and early Autumn at their West Manchester villa, are again at 39 Brimmer street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Prince were registered at the Vanderbilt in New York in the midweek for a short stay before sailing for their Winter home in Pau, France, where Mr. Prince takes an active part in the hunting season.

Mrs. Edward Cunningham from Milton is at the Curtis Hotel in Lenox.

The Joke's on Frank

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By TAD

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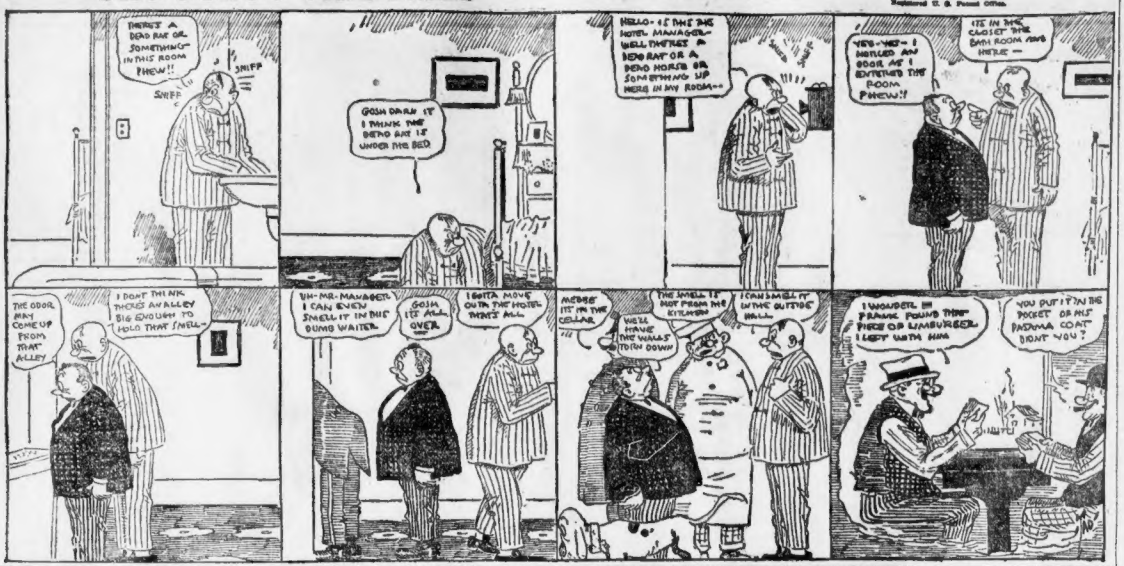

THERE'S A DEAD RAT OR SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM PHEW!!
SNIFF
SNIFF
GOSH DARN IT I THINK THE DEAD RAT IS UNDER THE BED
HELLO- IS THIS THE HOTEL MANAGER- WELL THERE'S A DEAD RAT OR A DEAD HORSE OR SOMETHING UP HERE IN MY ROOM--
YES--WE'--I MEANED AN ODOR AS I ENTERED THE ROOM. PHEW!!
ITS IN THE CLOSET THIS ROOM HAS HERE--
THE ODOR MAY COME UP FROM THAT ALLEY
I DON'T THINK THERES AN ALLEY BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THAT SMELL
UH-MR. MANAGER I CAN KNOW SMELL IT IN MY DUMB WAITER.
GOSH ITS ALL OVER
I GOTTA MOVE OUT IN THE MORNIN' THAT'S ALL
MEBBE IT'S IN THE CELLAR.
THE SMELL IS NOT FROM MY KITCHEN
I CAN SMELL IT IN MY OFFICE HALL
WELL HAVE SOMETHING DONE
I WONDER IF FRANK FOUND THAT PIECE OF LIMBURGER I LEFT WITH HIM
YOU PUT IT IN THE POCKET OF HIS PAJAMA COAT DIDN'T YOU?

We Have With Us

By Roy K. Moulton

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year.
The Winter banquet season's on;
Oh, pass the jokes, m'dear.

OLD JOE MILLER, the world's champion joker in the sixteenth century, has come to life again and his stuff is going great, but he isn't getting any royalties.

The "we have with us" boys have taken the dress suits out of moth balls, dug up Hostetters for some jolly quips and all is to the merry.

But we can't all be toastmasters. Somebody must make up the audience, and this is quite a privilege at times as the sleeping facilities are excellent.

Again we have the delightful privilege of paying three hard-earned cart-wheels for a pink carnation, an oyster cocktail, an anemic lead and the neck of an unknown and venerable chicken which lost its life during the Chicago fire in 1872.

Where do all the chicken necks come from and what becomes of the rest of the chickens? It's a moot question. Ten banqueters may walk home or ride home together and each will swear that he drew a chicken neck. The breasts of the chickens are always A. W. O. L.

They charge you, according to the invitation, "Three Dollars a Plate," and after buying the plate they won't let you take it home with you.

Once again we'll save our great and glorious country at three dollars a plate. The ravages of jealous tyrants shall touch us not. We will grasp the tail feathers of the American eagle and flaunt them defiantly in the face of the world.

Hon. Elias Q. Finkbinder, State Senator from Oklahoma, waves the starry banner which is seen from the aurora borealis to the Day of Judgment, and we will howl and scream and clap our hands and spill catsup on our shirt fronts.

Hon. Finkbinder grasps the stars from the firmament and uses them as punctuation marks. We increase our navy. Increase our army, twist the tail of the British lion, dig the Panama Canal all over again, wallop the profiteers, spike the Japanese guns. We will fight every battle of the Revolutionary War, the Civil War. We will again chase the Spaniards home and we will battle the Germans with a rapid-fire eloquence that will make the Kaiser stop chopping wood and listen.

Of course we don't hear any of this as the waiters are removing the dishes and a good many diners are talking to themselves. We clap our hands every three minutes by the watch no matter what the speaker says.

And then, just after the speech, five or six of us sneak out to Childs and get something to eat.

One of us asks: "What was that old bird talking about, anyhow?"

"He didn't say," replies another.

Oh You Agenda!

By Lisle Bell

WE are much interested in this agenda stuff, which seems to be the most important business for the forthcoming what-d'ye-mean-disarm-a-ment conference. We haven't been able to figure out just what the agenda is, but it must be not quite as useless as an appendix and not quite as painful as tonsilitis. Outside of that it's all right.

The agenda is what the statesmen will talk about when they are not talking about the Follies or the best place to get it.

It includes the question of China, which is a hair-splitting problem, not to say queue-splitting. It includes the limit of big guns in the Pacific, but from what we have heard about the size of the Pacific, there's no limit.

It also includes such minor subjects as gold braid, diplomatic haircuts and ambassadorial handshakes.

Other topics which are not on the list, but which ought to make good agenda stuff are as follows:

The establishment of compulsory shaving in Russia.

Limitation of harems in Turkey.

Universal disarmament of the cactuses of Mexico.

Dismemberment of Chinese chop suey.

Placing a few more checks on the Czechs.

Reducing the import duty on Oriental rugs imported from Hoboken.

Defending the integrity of the Spanish onion.

Regulating Sunday baseball in Borneo.

Enforcing prohibition in the Sahara.

Abating the smoke nuisance of Mt. Vesuvius.

Planting rose bushes and morning glories at the North Pole in order to make it attractive for the Summer tourist.

Spry Spy Stories

(Stirring Tales of How the Secret Service Fellows of the Various Warring Nations Carried on Their Grim but Interesting Work)

By Spider S. Pye, a Despised ex-Spy

NOTE

WHILE the job of spying is a lucrative one it is, nevertheless, hazardous and nerve-racking, for the real fourteen carat spy must be continually on the qui vive or Rio Grande or on some other danger infested spot inviting a comfortable life imprisonment or resisting bullets with his barred chest.

The working hours in the spy business, too, are extremely long. We have known a full-grown, healthy spy to leave his den or cave or whatever it is they leave at nine o'clock in the morning and return to it at ten o'clock—two years later. He would come back full of ambition and revolver bullet holes and with plenty of time on his hands, besides a lot of bandages and some splints, the spy's hands having been hamburgered by a meat-chopping machine into which a butcher, suspected of being a traitor to his government, had inadvertently or purposely dropped what looked to be the plans of the country's fortifications and which he, the spy, boldly grabbed out of the teeth or, rather, jaws of that mechanical masticator.

THE CHEESY LETTER

THERE was a leak somewhere in the French army. Every diplomatic plumber was on the job trying to find it. The French army could hardly take a glass of absinthe or munch a frog's leg without the German army knowing about it, and things had become so acute that the Teutons were getting to find out things which the Frenchmen only had intended thinking about some time in the future. This state of affairs angered old General Honbitymalpas and he cautioned the censors to come to their senses and cense with more interest than heretofore.

They followed these instructions until one day they received a letter which carried with it an air of suspicion. The first thought that came to the minds, or, rather, to the noses or nostrils, of the censors was that someone was sending an insanitary skunk through the mails. Others suspected that the letter was mailed from the banks of the Gowanus Canal. The letter had been written by a delicatessen dealer in Berlin to a German prisoner in France, and after a close analysis it was found to be the clevcrest scheme ever put over by the secret service system. It worked about as follows:

A very ordinary letter was written telling about some minor happening in the home town. A piece of limburger cheese was rubbed over certain letters which, when put together, spelled an important bit of war news. The recipient of the letter had to run his nose along the lines and whenever he met a letter that carried with it an odor he jotted it down, and thus he smelled his way through sentence after sentence until finally he had nosed out the secret message. The limburger letters in the epistle in question spelled the word "ocean," which told the Germans where to keep their U-boats so that the French would not see them.

The Trained Flea

THE animal which has been of as much service in the pending conflict as the horse has been the flea of the secret service department. The dogs of war have been benefitted by it, as strange as this statement may seem. The fleas have been taught to do some useful things, and the reasons that the plans of many large battles have fallen flat may be attributed to this biped or quadruped or septaped or whatever he is. Here is why it is done:

For six months or a year a French general or other officer with an over-ripe beard is locked in a flea's kennel or coop or whatever they are locked in. This insect must be shown every courtesy by the general. He must treat the flea kindly and mercifully, throw meat or oats or whatever it is they eat to it every day and continually educate it in such a way that the flea will jump up onto him when he approaches and allow itself to be patted on the back.

Two things slightly interrupt this operation. One, the general will invariably pat the flea too roughly, necessitating a fresh flea to be brought in or the flea will insist on going where it cannot be patted unless the general happens to be a contortionist. When the flea hides himself down the back of a French officer he is generally patted with the corner of a bedstead or the side of a wall, which, of course, is dangerous for the insect.

Ads That Mean Something

"DOUBLE-BREASTED Men's Ulsters for sale." What-cha got for single-breasted men?

"Man Cured of Swelled Legs After Six Months' Standing." Most anybody's legs would swell after standing that long.

"Fine Bed Spread at $6.98." It can't be a very fine bed or it wouldn't spread at all.

"Many Fall Wedding Gifts Are Electrical." Yes, but you don't get the shock until you try to use 'em.

"Breakfast-Room Suits." Glad it does.

"Nearly Every Man Is Thinking of a New Suit and Overcoat." Right! And that's about as far as he gets.

"Dresses Start at $10.000." But it costs more than that to keep 'em going.

"Women's Dresses Much Reduced." We'll say they are—reduced to almost nothing.

"Beautiful Men's Umbrellas." Figure the homely men have sense enough to come in out of the rain. Maybe these are the kind of umbrellas you're not ashamed to leave any place.

Cogitations of a Cuckoo

SOMETIMES we wonder how our ancestors managed to live to a ripe old age without manicurists, dentists, chiropodists and masseurs.

The fashion writer who scored the overdressed women, we feel sure, must have seen her in her nightgown.

It's easy to see that many a chorus girl is more than willing to suit her alimony with her divorce lawyer.

Perhaps they call him the weather man because he gets his salary whether he guesses right or not.

Sing of doctors short and tall,
M. D.'s of all descriptions,
We sing this song of praise to them
Because they write prescriptions!

The evil that men do lives after them. Look at the first fellow that became a chorus boy and so set an example for others to follow.

The wit who said the Congressional Record was a perfect joke is mistaken. Nothing is perfect.

OMAR, REVISED TO DATE

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a healthy thirst, and thou,
Friend Bootlegger, to bring the stuff
That makes the desert paradise enow!

They class hash and women as contemporary mysteries in spite of the fact that all chefs know the history of hash.

Sing a song of short skirts,
No more the latest mode,
It's safe once more for all men
To walk across the road!

The hayseed who used to blow out the gas now steps on the gas and blows out his tires.

They made a lovely couple,
The neighbors all agreed,
He doted on his "chicken"
And she on his "chicken feed!"

Pluck is a great thing in business if you can find somebody to pluck.

Political gas is most often of the poison variety.

It is difficult to find sunshine and moonshine in the same home.

Time to give the boot to the bootlegger.

Cable says Europe treated Charlie Chaplin like a king, but that can't be true. If they had treated him like a king they would have kicked him out.

Reward for Every Answer!

THIS IS A GENUINE ADVERTISEMENT BY A RELIABLE CONCERN

As the right you see 11 one of mixed we lemon drop can be made into 12 names of cities in the United States. Example: No. 1 spells NEW YORK. Now try to give all and be rewarded. PRIZE SENT IMMEDIATELY TO YOU. Write names on a postcard or in a letter, mention whether your age is under or over 15 (so we may send suitable prize) and write your name with address plainly. You need not send a cent of your money now or later! This is a genuine offer. You and every other person who sends in the names will receive a prize of equal value yet which may become worth $1000 to you within three months! Lose no time. Attend the NOW and see what you get. Address:

GOLDEN RAVEN CO., 441 So. Boulevard, GA-28 NEW YORK, N.Y.

Give Correct Names of Cities

1. WEN THOK 2. EFFULOK
3. SAWKEMIK 4. ANTLITAL
5. BRITOLNT 6. UBNOSTRO
7. LOBTOP 8. SIONOT
9. COGHACH 10. BALDFOTH
11. NERVDS 12. MELANTIRO

Dyed Her Tan Skirt to Make Child a Dress

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.—Advertisement.

Genuine

BAYER

BAYER

ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds — Headache — Neuralgia — Rheumatism
Toothache — Neuritis — Lumbago — Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

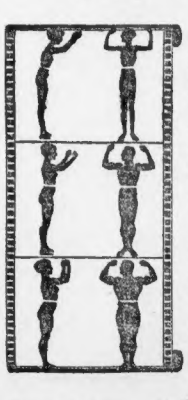
Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

To Build Weight Quick Take Yeast with Iron

New Yeast Tablets—IRONIZED YEAST—Bring Results Often in *Half the Usual Time*

To Build Firm Flesh, Beautify Your Complexion
Increase Your Strength, Energy and Nerve Force
Try This Great New Tonic. Watch the Quick Results!



Weak, thin, nervous and run-down folks are finding that yeast brings splendid results often *in half the usual time* when it is taken with organic iron as in IRONIZED YEAST. The reason is that in IRONIZED YEAST you get the benefit of two splendid health-builders instead of only one, as formerly. Yeast with its energy-giving, tissue-building vitamines, helps put new flesh on your bones, strengthen your muscles, clear your skin and calm your shattered nerves. Iron is needed to make your blood rich, red and strong. Both these essential substances are lacking in the average modern diet. Yet both are absolutely necessary to perfect health, and that is why both have been combined in IRONIZED YEAST. If you are thin, or run-down and want to fill out the hollows in your cheeks, neck, shoulders and limbs with good, solid flesh—if you suffer with pimples, blackheads, boils or other humiliating skin blemishes and want to quickly acquire a fresh, youthful, clear-looking skin—the kind that is loved and admired by everyone—if you are easily fatigued and want to increase your strength so that you can tackle hard work and enjoy it—then, in justice to yourself, give IRONIZED YEAST a trial. Notice the almost immediate results it brings. See how quickly your figure rounds out and how quickly your skin acquires a new freshness and charm, once your system is given the vitamines and iron that it needs.

Very Important! IRONIZED YEAST is pleasant to take and will not upset the stomach. It contains no grains, and is easy upon the digestion. It contains, in highly concentrated form, the highest grade of specially cultured yeast, grown under the most expert supervision for medicinal purposes, and besides being rich in yeast vitamines also contains the vitally essential Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble C vitamines. In addition it contains iron in its easily assimilated form—organic iron—similar to that found in spinach. Each package contains 60 sanitary-coated tablets (to to 15 days' treatment) and costs only $1.00. Bear in mind that there is only one genuine IRONIZED YEAST. Do not accept substitutes or inferior imitations. Special directions for children in each package. Send at all druggists.

There is only one IRONIZED YEAST. Do not accept substitutes or inferior imitations.

IRONIZED YEAST Tablets

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VITAMINE TONIC

Selling representatives

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc., 171 Madison Ave., New York City

IRONIZED YEAST is sold on a money-back guarantee if not perfectly satisfied with results.

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Rural Editor's Paragraphs

HIRE SNODGRASS opines that a lady marryin' one of them English lords reminds him of the Leviathan in Hoboken, because she's goin' to be tied to a pier for a long time.

"Voted again," said the stale piece of chewin' gum to itself as it was rewrapped into a fresh package.

Speakin' of cross-word puzzles, Steve Trotter says his wife is about the crossest word puzzle he ever came across.

A Mean Man

"Kindly return my lock of hair."

"All right. Do you want the dark look or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?"

Use Pyramid For Piles

The Relief from Pain and Distress by Using Pyramid Pile Suppositories Induces You to Tell the Good News to Others. Send for a Free Trial

Perhaps you are struggling with the pain and distress of itching, bleeding, protruding piles or hem

orrhoids. If so, ask any druggist for a 50 cent box of Pyramid Pile Suppositories. Take no substitute. Relief should come so quickly you will wonder why anyone should continue to suffer the pain of such a distressing condition. For a free trial package, send name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 48 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Advertisement

Eats Candy But Loses Her Fat

Here's joyful news for every fleshy person who loves good things to eat, especially those who are denying themselves the things they like most because of their desire to keep down their weight or to reduce the fat with which they are already burdened.

The famous Marmola Prescription has been put up in convenient tablet form and is now sold by druggists everywhere at only one dollar per case—the world over price. To get rid of fat steadily and easily, simply take one of these little tablets after each meal and at bedtime until you have reduced your weight to what you want it. No wrinkles or flabiness will remain to show where the fat came off.

Simply use Marmola Prescription Tablets according to directions; they are harmless, free from poisonous or injurious drugs and can be used with perfect safety. Try them for just a few weeks and get results without going through long siege of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Get them at any good drug store. If your druggist should not have them in stock you can secure them direct from the Marmola Company, 4613 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich., by sending one dollar.

GALL STONES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, a physician of Kansas City, Mo., is giving away Free an illustrated book that tells how hundreds of people have obtained wonderful results from a simple home method of treatment in cases of inflammation and catarrh of the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts as associated with Gallstones. Just send name to DR. E. E. PADDOCK, Box B. A. 201, Kansas City, Mo.

Krazy Kat

By Herriman

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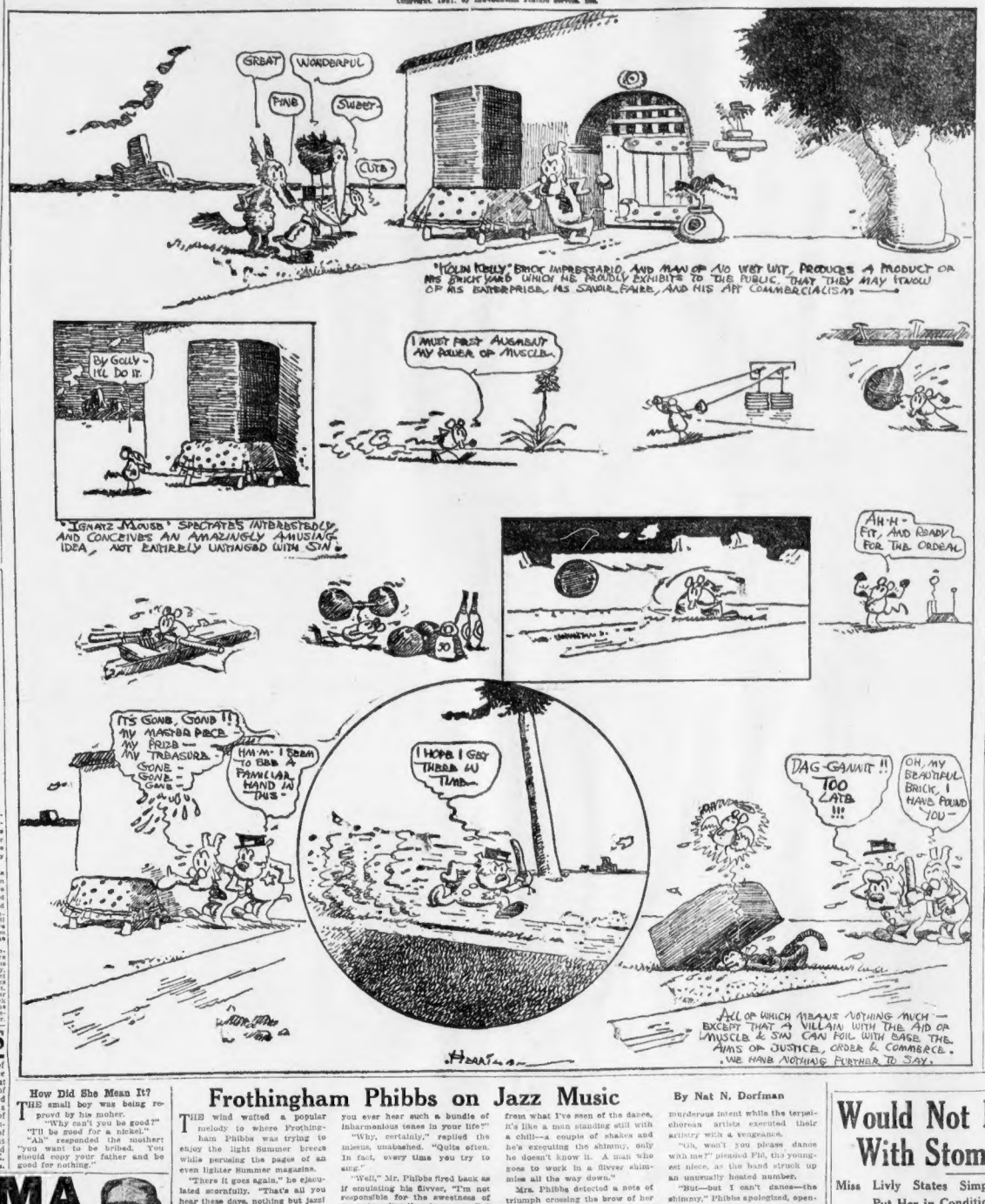
GREAT
WONDERFUL
FINE
SWEET
CUTE
"KOLIN KELLY" BRICK IMPRESTARIO AND MAN OF HIS WET HAT, PRODUCES A MODUCT OF HIS BRICK YARD WHICH HE PROUDLY EXHIBITS TO THE PUBLIC, THAT THEY MAY KNOW OF HIS ENTERPRISE, HIS SANDIE FAIRS, AND HIS ART COMMERCIALISM
BY GOLLY - I'LL DO IT.
"IGNATZ MOUSE" SPECTATES INTERESTEDLY AND CONCEIVES AN AMAZINGLY AMUSING IDEA, NOT ENTIRELY UNTAINTED WITH SIN.
I MUST REST AWHILE BUT MY POWER OF MUSCLE
AH-H- FIT, AND READY FOR THE ORDEAL
IT'S GONE, GONE!! MY MAGYAR PIECE - MY PRIDE - MY TREASURE - GONE, GONE - GONE -
HM-M- I SEEM TO BEE A FAMILIAR HAND IN THIS -
I HOPE I GET THREE IN TIME
DAG-GAMMIT!! TOO LATE!!!
OH, MY BEAUTIFUL BRICK, I HAVE FOUND YOU -
ALL OF WHICH MEANS NOTHING MUCH - EXCEPT THAT A VILLAIN WITH THE AID OF MUSCLE & SAW CAN FOIL WITH SAGE THE AIMS OF JUSTICE, ORDER & COMMERCE. WE HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY.
HERRIMAN

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Not Invidious

Ted—I'm trying to find some one who knows me to go security on my note.

Ned—Don't you think, my boy, you'd better look for some one who doesn't know you?

FAT FOLKS GET THIN

Reliable, Home Reduction System

Fat persons, particularly those from ten to one pounds above normal weight, will be interested to learn that they might reduce weight and measurements while eating all they care to and while really enjoying life becoming slender and healthier. Nothing strenuous! You want this!

This should be done by using Korein tablets, also following simple rules of Korein system that come with the box.

Even a few days' treatment is likely to show a pleasing reduction. The user should become lighter, the flesh firmer, the skin smoother; work seems easier and actually pleasanter. More buoyant feeling tells the possessors of the whole body and mind as superfluous fat disappears.

If you have tried various methods of fat reduction without real benefit you owe now be very thankful at having found a gentle system. Look and feel younger! Aim to live longer and happier! Fleisp life! It is safe, rational and healthful. In each box there is a money-refund guarantee. Buy a small box of Korein tablets at any busy drug store, or send for free booklets, with many testimonials, to Korein Co., Ma-66, Station X, New York.

Advertisement.

FOR EXCESSIVE

URIC ACID

TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and tearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body uric acids.

If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

To prove the Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all other ailments from uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never tried The Williams Treatment, we will give one 85c bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. D. A. Williams Company, Dept. V-218, P. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and you will receive by parcel post a regular 85c bottle, without charge and without incurring any obligation. Only one bottle to the same address or family.

INGROWN TOE NAIL

How to Toughen Skin so Nail Turns Out Itself

A few drops of "Outgro" upon the skin surrounding the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and soon toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it cannot penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost overnight.

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions.—Advertisement.

Advertisement

For Itching Eczema Old Sores and Piles

"I guarantee my ointment," says Peterson of Buffalo, "to cure eczema; to stop itching at once and any reliable druggist will cheerfully refund your money if PETERSON'S OINTMENT doesn't do everything I say it will do."

Mrs. Catherine Gintert, of Franklin, N. Y., is another who writes: "I used PETERSON'S OINTMENT on a little boy suffering terribly with eczema. It did the work."

Then there is Alex. Loutzi, a brave fireman of Buffalo, who said (over in Canada) as follows: "I had an old sore on my leg and it would not heal. Other remedies failed, PETERSON'S OINTMENT healed it right away." And from over in Canada comes a letter from Mrs. Thomas, Stanstead, Que., who says: "I have used it for itching piles in PETERSON'S OINTMENT. A big box for 35 cents (mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

How Did She Mean It?

THE small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?"

"I'll be good for a nickel."

"Ah" responded the mother: "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

Frothingham Phibbs on Jazz Music

By Nat N. Dorfman

THE wind wafted a popular melody to where Frothingham Phibbs was trying to enjoy the light Summer breeze while perusing the pages of an even lighter Summer magazine.

"There it goes again," he ejaculated scornfully. "That's all you hear these days, nothing but jazz! It must have been invented by a married man—it's so full of discordant notes!

"Well," interposed Mrs. Amanda Phibbs, with more good nature than was her custom since Phibby refused to buy her a large fur coat for the Summer, "let the new generation enjoy what they please. It's the latest wrinkle."

"If it is then all I can say is that somebody ought to iron it out," snapped back Phibbs. "It's flat, flatter than a man's salary when his wife lays her hands on it. I think there is about as much music in jazz as there are hips on a snake."

"I have a snaky feeling," commenced the mischievous Amanda. "that you aren't feeling right today or you wouldn't be bothering about modern music. Can't you think of something else?"

"How can I with all this noise the jazz records are making? Did you ever hear such a bundle of inharmonious tones in your life?"

"Why, certainly," replied the miscreant, unabashed. "Quite often. In fact, every time you try to sing."

"Well," Mr. Phibbs fired back as if emulating his fiver, "I'm not responsible for the sweetness of my notes after they leave me. But you can bet the buttons on the back of your dress that they're all right when they're passing through my larynx. If the tone of my voice is soured by contact with the atmosphere I don't see why I am to be blamed. I try hard enough. But what excuse is there for jazz?"

"That's the dance that goes with it. If you must know," suggested Mrs. Amanda.

"You don't mean dance," Phibbs amended Amanda. "You mean the shimmy, a hideous nightmare invented by a man with the St. Vitus dance. No wonder reformers say the shimmy should be shunned."

"I can't see what's wrong with it," said Mrs. Phibbs. "It might not be as decorous as the old-fashioned waltz, but it has rhythm."

"As far as I can see, it is without rhythm or reason. In fact, from what I've seen of the dance, it's like a man standing still with a chill—a couple of shakes and he's executing the shimmy, only he doesn't know it. A man who goes to work in a flivver shimmies all the way down."

Mrs. Phibbs detected a note of triumph crossing the brow of her mate for this humorous shake-up, and seeing an opportunity to knock him off his perch said:

"I guess you're jealous because you can't dance the shimmy."

"Dance it?" fairly shouted the exasperated Phibbs. "Do you think I'm a lounge lizard or something? I'd rather be a bootlegger than be seen gyrating to that music. I'm still sane, you know."

"I'm glad you told me so," said Mrs. Phibbs softly, with that deep innuendo that Mr. Phibbs couldn't fail to get.

Mrs. Phibbe's college chum, Helen Wadsworth, dropped in with two of her charming young nieces from Brooklyn the next evening, and aided and abetted by Mrs. Phibbs they prevailed upon Frothingham to take them to a cabaret. Frothy frothed at the mouth at first, but he couldn't decline and soon they found themselves seated near a jazz band that played with murderous intent while the terpsichorean artists executed their artistry with a vengeance.

"Uh, won't you please dance with me?" pleaded Fifi, the youngest niece, as the band struck up an unusually heated number.

"But—but I can't dance—the shimmy," Phibbs apologized, openly horrified, but inwardly happy that the dashing Fifi had asked him.

"Oh, you'll learn soon enough," the girl smiled, "and learn to enjoy it, too."

Phibbs arose to dance. He felt cold all over and shook with fright.

"That's it," cried Fifi. "My, you're a bear at it!"

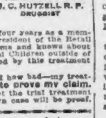
A burly looking individual strode toward them as they shimmied on their way.

"Say, bo!" he yelled, so that everybody could hear. "That don't go here. Cut out the shimmying or I'll have to put you off the floor! What kind of a place do you think this is—a joint?"

"Well," said Mrs. Phibbs when they got home, "I thought you didn't know how to shimmy?"

"That was just a plain two-step," he insisted, all flustered up.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED



J. C. HUTZELL, R. P. DRUGGIST

Free Proof To You

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 28 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over twenty thousand Men, Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne have been sending to me their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have **Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter**—never mind how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—**give me a chance to prove my claim.**

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want you to have FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, No. 3964 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name ..... Age .....

Post Office ..... State .....

Street and No. .....

Would Not Marry With Stomach Trouble

Miss Livly States Simple Intestinal Antiseptic Put Her in Condition for Life's Duties

"I could not eat anything at all and have suffered a great deal from stomach trouble. Since I have been taking Adlerika (intestinal antiseptic) it has done wonders for me. I can now eat three meals a day and anything that I want and also a cup will not keep me awake." (Signed) Miss Carrie Livly.

Intestinal Antiseptic

There is now offered to the public a preparation having the DOUBLE action of an intestinal antiseptic and a COMPLETE system cleanser. The preparation, known as Adlerika, acts as follows:

It tends to eliminate or destroy harmful germs and colon bacilli in the intestinal canal, thus guarding against appendicitis and other diseases having their start here.

It is the most complete system cleanser ever offered to the public, acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removing foul matter which poisoned the system for months and which nothing else can dislodge. It brings out all gases, thus immediately relieving pressure on the heart. It is astonishing the great amount of poisonous matter Adlerika draws from the alimentary canal—matter you never thought was in your system and it right after a natural movement and notice how much more feel matter of bringes out which was poisoning you. In cases of appendicitis, where a serious situation, sour stomach, gas on the stomach, nausea and vomiting, doctors find Adlerika ALWAYS brings relief.

Adlerika is a constant surprise to people who have used only ordinary bowel and stomach medicines, on account of its rapid, pleasant and COMPLETE action. It is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Sold in Boston by Epstein Drug Co., 18 Tremont Row, and other leading druggists.—Advertisement.

Advertisement

For Itching Eczema Old Sores and Piles

"I guarantee my ointment," says Peterson of Buffalo, "to cure eczema; to stop itching at once and any reliable druggist will cheerfully refund your money if PETERSON'S OINTMENT doesn't do everything I say it will do."

Mrs. Catherine Gintert, of Franklin, N. Y., is another who writes: "I used PETERSON'S OINTMENT on a little boy suffering terribly with eczema. It did the work."

Then there is Alex. Loutzi, a brave fireman of Buffalo, who said (over in Canada) as follows: "I had an old sore on my leg and it would not heal. Other remedies failed, PETERSON'S OINTMENT healed it right away." And from over in Canada comes a letter from Mrs. Thomas, Stanstead, Que., who says: "I have used it for itching piles in PETERSON'S OINTMENT. A big box for 35 cents (mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Attractions For the Week on Stage and Screen

Odds and Ends About the Stage

By F. P. HARKINS.

MANY kids have run away from home with a circus. Some Boston kids, even. Will Philbrick, one of the comedians in "The Passing Show," for instance.

Philbrick would probably have reached the stage sooner or later anyhow. His mother, Marietta Urart, was a well-known actress in her day. Bostonians of the old hoopskirt days often saw her play with Booth and Barrett and other stars. But young Will, who was brought up in South Boston, drifted over to the Huntington avenue circus grounds one fine afternoon and hitched himself to the Barnum and Bailey show. His first job was selling peanuts. Later he became a clown. His next step was to the legitimate stage, when the Hoyt farces were all the rage. He has been a prominent comedian ever since.

Ziegfeld placed him in the 1909 "Follies" and Philbrick has been with big productions ever since. This is his fourth season with "The Passing Show," which, like the "Follies," starts fresh every year and is also, in a sense, a national institution.

When Bob Hunter, who dispenses literature for "The Rose Girl," confronted Shep Camp the other day and asked the giant comedian what his pet hobby might be, Shep blurted as follows:

"Telling hotel clerks and managers how to run their business."

It's no joke with the bearer of the typical Southern name. (Shep Camp) They have no such names outside Dixieland. S. C. started life in West Point, (Georgia.) Carrying more than 300 pounds and stretching more than six feet when he tucks himself away at night, bed and board have a serious meaning for him. It's hard enough for the ordinary comedian to give 100 per cent. entertainment at every performance, what with the indigestion and insomnia and irritabilities of the road and the ups and downs of hotel life. But Camp is more than comedian. He is also stage manager of the show at the Wilbur. That is a man's job all by itself.

Shep has no idea of running a hotel some day. He is too wrapped up in the show game. When he isn't acting or stage-directing he is writing songs or piano pieces. Perhaps it's the hotel pianos that jar him.

Over on one side of the stage stands the beautiful blonde wife. On the other, the black scowling husband. Their cat and dog life has come to a climax. The smiling Mexican bandit stands between them. He has been thinking of taking the lady back over the border with him, and she is very much shocked at the idea. Then he proceeds to ask her a few questions.

This is one of the amusing scenes in "The Bad Man," with Holbrook Blinn as the bluff bandit, at the Plymouth.

The Mexican makes the shrinking belle admit that she and her husband promised to love, honor and obey each other. Ha! Another ridiculous American custom, says Pancho Lopez, with hordes of couples that made the promise heading in the direction of the divorce court. How much better in Mexico, or his part of Mexico, where true love runs smooth—sometimes helped with a pistol? And then he proceeds to shoot the scowling husband, so that the pretty blonde wife, whom Lopez reluctantly surrenders, can marry the man she really loves. Even American audiences think it's a great joke.

REAL THRILLER AT ST. JAMES

With a slight change of text, "Three Faces East" would pass for a Sherlock Holmes play. Most war plays deal more or less spectacularly with the pomp and excitement of military life. But "Three Faces East," which Mr. Gillet' company will revive at the St. James this week, is a secret service drama. But not of the type concocted many years ago by William Gillette and frankly titled "Secret Service." It is far more complicated—far more like the mysteries compounded by Conan Doyle and by the historical trick-sters of Wilhelmstrasse.

Another play of somewhat similar type, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," had a prodigious run in London early in the war and fared almost equally well in Boston. But "Three Faces East" is even more thrilling, and, besides, it is an ideal piece for a stock company. It provides many players with capital roles with Walter Gilbert, as Yeates, the British secret service chief, and Frank Charlton, as Valdar, the resourceful German spy, in the thick of the excitement.

BECK DISCOVERS ANOTHER BOSTON TENOR

To musical students with operatic aspirations the Arlington Theatre is a veritable Mecca. Mr. Beck's genius for discovering talented American singers is positively uncanny. Just consider the prodigies he has performed already, notably and notes Mr. Robinson,a lyric tenor worthy of comparison with Edward Johnson of the Chicago company, and Miss Lee, the Malden colorature soprano, who takes a high E without a quaver! And this week we have Rosario Bourdon hear D. Winslow Hanscom as Rhadames in "Aida." Harvard man, class of 1915 and a Boston boy, he is quite but naturally musical. A native of Oakland, Maine, and now a resident of Arlington, this dramatic tenor comes forward in the movement to make opera in English really popular in Boston. He has the opportunity of appearing in a work that never fails to draw crowds.

GORDON'S STRAND

"Camille," the Nazimova production comes to Gordon's Strand tomorrow, in a modernized version of the famous Dumas play. Nazimova's supporting cast includes Rudolph Valentino, Edward Connelly, Rex Cherryman, Arthur Hoyt, Zaffie Tilbury, Ruth Miller, Consuelo Flowerton, Mrs. Oliver and William Orlamond. Oppenheim's "Pilgrims of the Night," and other films and an organ recital by Francis J. Cronin are also on the bill.

STAGE
MARGUERITE LAMARE AND BARBOUR HALLIDAY IN "THE ROSE GIRL"-WILBUR.
FAIRBANKS TWINS IN "TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"- COLONIAL.
RUTH CHATTERTON AND WILFRED FRASER IN "MARY ROSE"- HOLLIS.
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS IN "THE LOVE LETTER"-TREMONT.
LEAH PECK IN "THE BAD MAN"- PLYMOUTH.
RHEA DIVELEY- SOMERVILLE.
"BABE" RUTH-KEITHS.
MARGIE COMTE- SAVOY.
MARGO RAFFARO- MAJESTIC.
ESTHER FERRARINI IN "CARMEN"- BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.
STELLA DEMETTE IN "AIDA"-ARLINGTON.
FRANK CHARLTON IN "WHERE EAST IS EAST"- ST. JAMES.
INA HAYWOOD IN "THE PASSING SHOW"- SHUBERT.
SCREEN
DOROTHY PHILLIPS IN "WOMAN, WOMAN AND MARRIAGE"-GORDON'S OLD SOUTH
LILLIAN GISH AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN "WAY DOWN EAST"- SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA.
SCENE FROM "THE BEGGAR MAID"- PARK.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"- GLOBE.
BESSIE HAYAKAWA IN "THE SWAMP"- MODERN AND BEACON
SCENES FROM "OVER THE HILL"- TREMONT TEMPLE.
MARY PICKFORD IN "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"- SELWYN
ANITA STEWART IN "THE INVISIBLE FEAR"- GORDON'S OLYMPIA.

Changes of Bill at Principal Theatres

RUTH CHATTERTON in Barrie's "Mary Rose," at the Hollis, and John Charles Thomas in "The Love Letter," a play with music, represent the leading stage novelties of the week. "Two Little Girls in Blue," with the Fairbanks twins, returns to the Colonial. "Aida" is billed at the Arlington and "Three Faces East" at the St. James. Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the Selwyn; Dorothy Phillips in "Man, Woman and Marriage," at Gordon's Old South; "The Beggar Maid," a novel production at the Park, and Anita Stewart in "The Invincible Fear," at Gordon's Olympia, top the new screen features.

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

"Mary Rose," the latest Barrie play, with Ruth Chatterton in the title role, comes to the Hollis tomorrow. This will be the local premiere of this typical Barrie play which tells the story of a young girl who mysteriously disappears into the depths of a little island, to return many years later, herself unchanged but to find herself well-nigh forgotten. Tom Nesbitt, who portrayed the dual male role in the London production, plays the same roles here. Winifred Fraser, Bertha Hallinger, Frederick Lloyd, A. S. Homewood and Guy Buckley are also in the cast.

TREMONT THEATRE

At the Tremont, beginning tomorrow, Charles Dillingham will offer for a limited engagement his new musical star, John Charles Thomas, and the musical comedy, "The Love Letter." The piece is founded on a brilliant drama by Franz Molnar, with book by William LeBaron and music by Victor Jacobi, composer of "Apple Blossoms," "Sybil" and other successes. The star plays five different characters and sings equally varied music. Carolyn Thomson is the prima donna. Marjorie Gateson, Charles Judels, Fred and Adele Astaire and others are in the cast.

COLONIAL THEATRE

Tomorrow, at the Colonial, A. L. Erlanger will present his musical comedy success, "Two Little Girls in Blue," for a short stay. This massively mounted piece was first shown at the Colonial last April and won instant favor. Mr. Erlanger is sending the production back to Boston to enable those who were unable to secure seats before to enjoy it and to permit those who saw it in the making to view the finished product. A prodigal use of money has made "Two Little Girls in Blue" one of the most luxurious of musical comedy productions. The cast includes the Fairbank Twins, Emma Janvier, the Tomson Twins, Jack Squire, Vanda Hoff, Donald Carroll, Evelyn Law, George E. Mack, Yra Jonns and Dorothy Harrison.

ST. JAMES THEATRE

"Three Faces East," billed at the St. James this week, is the best secret service play of the World War. There is very little of the noise and ring of battle in it, but plenty of mystifying intrigue, plots and counter-plots that keep everyone guessing until the final curtain. Leona Powers will be seen as Frances Hastree, secret service woman commissioned by the Germans to head a plot against English notables. Frank Charlton as Valdar, German spy, and Walter Gilbert as Yeates, head of the English Intelligence Bureau, have the two big roles. The full strength of the company will be seen. Director Masson has arranged some striking settings.

MODERN AND BEACON

Sessue Hayakawa, in his production of "The Swamp," the feature at the Modern and Beacon Theatres this week, not only enacts the leading role, but has the added credit of being the author of a very unusual story. It is a story of love, humble faith and hope, showing Hayakawa as a new type. A domestic comedy in "Hot Face Value," in which Wanda Hawley will be seen. It is a story of stage and studio. Miss Hawley is supported by T. Roy Barnes and others.

GAYETY THEATRE

"Jingle Jingle," a show representing the new type of burlesque entertainment, is the attraction at the Gayety this week. Most of the comedy is left to Harry Steppe and Frank Anderson. Harry O'Neil is the "straight" man of the company, and he, with Steppe, introduce a specialty that is decidedly novel. Murray and Mack contribute a fine dancing number. Among the feminine principals are Stella Morrissey, Margie Coates, and Evelyn Ramsey.

BOSTON THEATRE

"A Man's Home," a picture dealing with a business man's domestic affairs, is the feature at the Boston this week. Frances Kennedy, lyric comedienne, heads the vaudeville with a song act. Archer and Belford in "Back to their own Country," "The New Janitor." The Kane Sisters, Edford's Oddities, the Rhoda Royal Elephants and the usual picture features complete the bill.

WALDRON'S

Abe Reynolds, hero of many successful seasons in Boston, will appear this week at Waldron's in a show entitled "Abe Reynolds, the Tonor, "The Abe Reynolds Revue." Totten Smith, A. Douglas Leavitt, Ethel Mosher and Rose Rouzie are also principals are Fred C. Hackett, Dolly Morrisey, Ben Holmes, Florence Mosher, Paul Sedley and Paul Wilson, the Five Royal Hussars and Flossie Wilson.

BOWDOIN SQ. THEATRE

At the Bowdoin Square this week Charles Ray will be shown in "A Midnight Bell," a story of mystery, thrills, comedy and romance. Another feature will be Dougla Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro." Jack Wilson in "Thunderbolt Jack" and five vaudeville acts will fill the bill.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM

Joe Wilton's "Hurly-Burly" burlesquers will be the attraction at the Howard this week. Charles Goigin, Charles Marshall, Jimmy Raymond, Irving Kare, Nellie Nice, Arlene Johnson and others will take part. Al Moore and his U. S. Jazz Band head the vaudeville.

Mary Pickford in 'Fauntleroy' at Selwyn

MARY PICKFORD'S new screen production, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," opens at the Selwyn this afternoon for a brief engagement only. The millions of readers of Frances Hodgson Burnett's classic novel of the same name will be interested to know that Miss Pickford, in reproducing the story of the screen, has aimed to preserve all its quaintness and charm and has been especially faithful as regards the costumes and manners of the period.

The star appears as a mature woman and also as a boy of seven. Through the medium of double exposure, Miss Pickford is able to appear as two different characters in the same scene. Victorian dresses, thatched houses, the magnificent castle, the rheumatic old apple-woman, the portly grocer, the lovable bootblack—all these are featured. The heart appeal of the story is historic.

Miss Pickford will be seen in a greater variety of costumes than in any other play in which she has ever appeared.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

The vaudeville at Loew's Orpheum the first of the week will be topped by Fred La Reine and company, offering a novel and scientific feature. The big screen attraction will be "Go Straight," featuring Frank Mayo. On Thursday the bill will be topped by "Pollyanna," the Mary Pickford comedy.

"Babe" Ruth as Headliner at Keith's

BABE RUTH, King of Swat in person, comes to Keith's tomorrow, to be seen and heard with Wellington Cross in an act written especially for him. Ruth has been rehearsing for several weeks, and for the first time will blossom forth as a singer.

Eddie Russell will be seen in "A Man of Affairs," in four scenes. Margaret Young will offer new songs. Helen Hamilton and Jack Barns will present "Just Fun." Frank Weber, Frea Beck and Jack Fraser will present songs, styles and mannerisms. Jack McLallen and May Carson, Asto Dias' monkeys, Edwin Paul and Edna Pauline, and pictures complete the program Two concerts will be given today.

"OVER THE HILL"

A motion picture devoid of sex problems or anything that might suggest impropriety is "Over the Hill," now at the Tremont Temple. William Fox made the adaptation from Will Carleton's famous "Farm Ballads." The story of this tremendously human photodrama is written around a sweet, simple, home-loving mother, willing at all times to make sacrifices for those she loves. "Over the Hill" is a photoplay that leaves an indelible impression on all. It is shown each day at 2:15 and 8:15.

Shows to Remain

WILBUR—"The Rose Girl," all merriment, music, dance and beauty, feminine and otherwise, with Fred Hillebrand as comedian in chief. Touches of vaudeville and burlesque. Fourth week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Bad Man," a wild and woolly comedy melodrama, with a brazen Mexican bandit as hero, always unabashed—a treat in playgoers, as acted by Holbrook Blinn. Second week.

SHUBERT—"Passing Show of 1921," teeming with comedy, songs and spectacular features worthy of the palmiest days of the Winter Garden, as it originated. The Howards top the stars. Second week.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

The bill of Shubert vaudeville at the Majestic this week is headed by Alexandra Carlisle, late star of "The Country Cousin," and Harry Clarke, who will appear in "It Can Be Done," a sketch with a scene on the observation platform of a flying express train. Miss Carlisle was the only woman in the Massachusetts delegation to the Republican convention, where she made a nomination speech for Vice-President Coolidge. Another headline feature will be La Sylphe in a new spectacular dance cycle, "Behind the Mask," with Fletcher Norton and company; Lillian Fitzgerald, lyric comedienne; Walter Weems, "the Southern Humorist; the "Three Chums," "Go Get 'Em Rogers," Callahan and Miles, Charles T. Aldrich, Lacy Gillett and company and pictures are also billed.

New Singers In "Aida," at the Arlington

THREE more noted singers join the Boston Society of Singers at the Arlington, starting tomorrow in "Aida," most popular of all the Verdi operas. A spectacular production is promised.

Stella DeMetti, a noted contralto, will sing the role of Amneris; Rosetta Neir, a dramatic soprano from Buenos Aires, will alternate in the title role, and Dean Hanscomb, a Boston tenor, will sing Radames. Miss DeMette recently created a furore in Mexico City.

The addition of these three artists gives the Boston Society of Singers a strong corps of principals.

FAIRBANKS FILM MOVES TO GLOBE

Douglas Fairbanks, as to brave and dashing D'Artagnan, will not leave Boston. The inimitable Doug, in his vivacious role of Alexander Dumas' famous novel, "The Three Musketeers," moves to the Globe Theatre for an indefinite period, opening tomorrow matinee. The production will be shown at popular prices during its run at the Globe. The presentation will be the same seen during the long and successful engagement at the Selwyn.

Triple Bill of Novel Films at Park

FOR the seeker after something different in photoplays, the management of the Park has something special to offer this week. The triple bill is headed by "Why Girls Leave Home," a picture taken from a stage success. The story deals with two typical homes, one that of a rich merchant who indulges his daughter's every whim; the other, that of a rich man's employe, who represses in his daughter every normal desire. The result is that both girls leave home. Later their paths cross.

This will be followed by the first local presentation of "The Beggar Maid," a Triart production based on Sir Edward Burne-Jones' famous painting and the poem of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," by Tennyson. This is but the first offering of artists engaged in bringing great paintings to the people by means of motion pictures. It is a novel and ambitious experiment.

Completing this unusual program will be "The Barricade," a Calabria production based on a story by Dr. Daniel C. Goodman.

SOMERVILLE PLAYERS

"Our Little Wife," a farce by the prolific Avery Hopwood, will be presented by the Somerville Players this week. This is the first time it has been shown anywhere in New England. The coquettish wife will be played by Enid Markey. Arthur Howard will impersonate the long-suffering husband.

Hofubar's Latest Super-Film at Old South

DOROTHY PHILLIPS, emotional actress with a string of successes to her credit, demonstrates her versatility anew in Allen Holubar's "Man-Woman-Marriage," the young producer's latest super-feature, sponsored by First National, which comes to Gordon's Old South Theatre tomorrow.

The star is seen as a lovable young girl with ideals; as a drudging housewife; as a society butterfly, then as a woman of national affairs; as a cave woman clad in a leopard skin; as a headstrong young miss of the age of knighthood; as the Queen of the Amazons and as a Christian slave at the court of Emperor Constantine. She wears in turn a score of different costums and is called upon to enact big emotional parts in each of the different types she portrays.

Other features include news and comedy films.

NEW STEWART FILM AT GORDON'S OLYMPIA

"The Invisible Fear," the latest Anita Stewart picture, will start a week's engagement at Gordon's Olympia tomorrow as a First National attraction. Mystery, romance and adventure are blended into the tale, resulting in a highly entertaining story. Miss Stewart plays the part of Sylvia Langdon, who is loved by two youths, Bentley Arnold and Arthur Comstock. She is engaged to Arnold, who at the opening of the story is returning to America from service in France. During his absence Comstock has pressed his suit but with no success. The day before the landing of Arnold, Sylvia and Comstock take part in a country club paper chase. A violent storm compels them to seek shelter in a lodge where Comstock makes violent love to her. She repulses him, striking him down and runs. She thinks him dead.

A year later at a birthday dinner Comstock suddenly appears. The denouement is startling and original. Other features include news and comedy films and vaudeville.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE FAIRBANKS TWINS?

The almost uncanny resemblance to each other of Marion and Madeline Fairbanks, known as the Fairbanks Twins, has served as a subject for scientific investigation and speculation. Those twin girls, now eighteen, are appearing in "Two Little Girls in Blue" which comes to the Colonial tomorrow, are so exactly alike that even their closest friends are unable to tell them apart and even their mother confesses that she is often puzzled. Clarence Wilkes, manager of that "Two Little Girls in Blue" company, says he is only able to tell which is Marion and which Madeline when they are in their stage clothes, in street attire, he cannot distinguish one from the other. Mrs. Fairbanks says they have always looked and acted alike, and they dance and sing alike.

REYNOLDS JUST PUSHED INTO A DEBUT

An accident gave Abe Reynolds, star of the show at Waldron's, his first opportunity to appear before the footlights, and the first words Reynolds ever uttered upon the stage are still used by him with never failing success to provoke laughter.

As Reynolds himself tells the story he was a messenger boy in New York city, and one day the lad was sent to a theatre to deliver a bundle to a prominent actress. A dress rehearsal was in progress and he stood in the wings watching. Suddenly an excited director seized the boy and shoved him on the stage, saying: "That's your cue. Go on. Go!" All the astonished boy could gasp was "What's the matter? What's the matter?" The words fitted the situation and made a hit. It was all a mistake, but a lucky one for Reynolds.

THOMAS A STAR IN SEVERAL FIELDS

It is almost an unheard-of thing for a musical comedy favorite to achieve distinction in the recital and concert field. One of the few to earn the double honor is John Charles Thomas, who is making his first appearance at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow in "The Love Letter." Mr. Thomas gave his first recital in New York three years ago and followed it with appearances in Boston and Philadelphia, which established him as one of the most prominent of the new concert artists. Last season he was accompanied with "Apple Blossoms" in a tour of the principal cities.

FAMOUS FOR GOWNS AND VOICE

Stella Morrissey, prima donna of the "Jingle Jingle" burlesque at the Gayety, has much to recommend her to Boston audiences besides the elaborate gowns in which she appears during the action of the performances. Miss Morrissey has a voice that is said by musical critics to be most remarkable in its range and quality. She has had a thorough musical training. "Jingle Jingle" gives the talented player opportunities to show her versatility and the gowns that women dote on.

NEWMAN TRAVELTALKS

The thirteen season of the popular "Travelogue" by E. M. Newman will begin in Symphony Hall on November 13. The series is to include five consecutive Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons. The lectures will include "Alaska," "Canadian Rockies," "Iceland and Spitsbergen," "Sweden, Norway and Denmark" and "Switzerland." New motion pictures and colored scenes will be featured.

Amusements. Amusements. Amusements.

GORDON'S OLD SOUTH

The Book of Life Is Opened

ALL WEEK

ALLEN HOLUBAR'S DRAMA ETERNAL

WONDROUS IN THEME

A DRAMA OF EVERY WOMAN

Thousands of Players. Sweeping Visions Of Life and Strife.

FOR THE WOMEN who struggle for mother-right, as the women of all ages have done, strong in their faith and their love.

FOR EVERY MAN who mocks and denies that mother-right, as men have since the world began.

TOO GREAT FOR COMPARISON

MAN-WOMAN-MARRIAGE

Featuring DOROTHY PHILLIPS

SCENES OF SURPASSING BEAUTY AND THRILL

A MIGHTY MILESTONE OF PICTURES

9 AMAZING PARTS

Coming! "DON'T TELL EVERYTHING"

Today SUNDAY CONCERT Continuous 3 to 10:30

Where ripples of delight
Check the trembling tears

MARY PICKFORD IN LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

from FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S famous story

SCENARIO BY BERNARD MCCONVILLE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES ROSHER
DIRECTION BY JACK DICKFORD & ALFRED E. GREEN

The touching appeal, fine humor of the tender story; the wonderful art of the never-to-be-forgotten dual portrayal; the exquisite beauty of the entire production—all of these have captured the hearts of everyone who has seen this photoplay of rarest charm.

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FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

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WAY DOWN EAST

"WAY DOWN EAST" BREAKS ALL FILM RECORDS

(NOTE: Without any possibility of error it can be stated that these figures break all records in the world history of motion pictures for two shows per day.)

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One Week (12shows). $15,665.50
One Day in Boston $3,070.50

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One Week $13,637.50
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BEAGY & CLAUFF In a Sensational Novelty

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CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

America's Foremost Baritone

John Charles Thomas

In the Season's Greatest Musical Success

"THE LOVE LETTER"

(Founded on a Play by Franz Molnar)

Libretto by William LeBaron Music by Victor Jacobi

With a DISTINGUISHED CAST, including

CAROLYN THOMSON CHARLES JUDELS
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In the First National Production "A MIDNIGHT BELL"

A Midnight Mystery. A Hurricane Humor. And enough thrills to last a lifetime.

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In the United Artists Production "THE MARK OF ZORRO"

Full of Tremendous Valleys. Rapid Fire Action. Appealing Romance. Thrills Galore.

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THE SALTOS "Dangerous Business"

SIDNEY TAYLOR & CO. Comedy skit, "A Thousand Dollars"

HUDSON & HUDSON Comedy Ventriloquists.

Bargain Night Every Friday, extra acts

TODAY'S SHOW STARTS AT 10:30 A. M. Doors open at 2:00—Continuous until 10:30. Bowdoin Square Theatre.

CONWAY TEARLE in "Marooned Hearts." WANDA HAWLEY in "Her First Elopement." MARGERY WILSON in "Dust Something."

2 Vaudeville Acts.

NEXT WEEK

Flora Finch in Boston, six-part comedy sensation, "IF IN MAY'S ATTIC." THOS. MEIGHAN in "The Conquest of Canada." Extra added attraction direct from New York Hippodrome. THE 3 HERLO GIRLS in a brilliant diving and swimming exhibition.

AT THE OLD

HOWARD

Boston's Leading Burlesque Theatre

RAH-RAH

It's "Armistice Week" as we're putting forth a regular Rah-rah show, now that will go over like hot shot, so if you're red-blooded American get in. Joe Wilson's "Hurly-Burly" Burlesquers will march in to the tune of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and Al Moore and his only 5 piece Jazz Band will shoot over a barrage of pandemonium. Always something doing at the Old Howard.

JOE WILSON'S HURLY-BURLY BURLESQUE

With a Regiment of Joy-Makers, Incl. Joe Wilson, Charlie Goldie, Charles Marshall, Jimmy Raymond and Irving Kaye; Nellie Bles, Arlene Johnson, Helen Gould and chorus.

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The Popular Local Boy and His Band of Fighting Musicians

AL MOORE and his only U. S. JAZZ BAND

Real ragtime musicians who did their bit for Uncle Sam—boys who went across and returned with flying colors. Hear Kennedy and Kramer, dancing duo; Don Ramsay's Harmonists and Harry Lacy, the Western photo feature, "Hearts Up." Also latest chapter of Miss Mystery, entitled, "The Missing Millions." Always something doing at the Howard.

This Sunday (Today) at 2 P. M. AT THE OLD HOWARD

Best concert in Boston. Doors open at 1:30. Show starts at 2. Continuous 5 vaudeville acts—Admission 15 cents.

BIG SUNDAY CONCERT at 8 P. M

GORDON'S CAMBRIDGE CENTRAL SQ. THEATRE

MON.—TUES.—WED.

The Smashing Picture You're Waiting For!

EXPERIENCE

with RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Huge Cast in the Drama that Beats with Heart Throbs of All.

BEN TURPIN

In "LOVE AND BUCKSHOT"

5 BIG ACTS VAUDEVILLE

THURS.—FRI.—SAT.

W. S. HART in "I Word Brand"

Seats Reserved—Free Auto Parking.

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LANCASTER

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
THOS. H. INCE presents
"BEAU REVEL"
GLADYS WALTON
in "HIGH HEELS"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
THOMAS MEIGHAN
In "The Conquest of Canada"
MARIE PREVOST
in "NOBODY'S FOOL"

SHUBERT-BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

SUBSCRIPTION SEASON

SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA

FORTUNE GALLO, General Director

TWO WEEKS BEGINNING TOMORROW NIGHT

REPERTOIRE—FIRST WEEK

MONDAY—"CARMEN." Formichi, Kettle, Klinova, Morsolni, Rosseel, Royer, DeBlasi, Cervi, Tudisco, Dalla Molle; Tell and Corps de Ballet—Cond. Perosi.

TUESDAY—"LA BOHEME." Strogo, Kettle, Agostini, Marr, DeBlasi, Cervi, D'Antonio—Cond. Sturani.

WED. MAT.—"FAUST." Charlebois, Kru-coer, Klinova, Agostini, Marr, DeBlasi, Tudisco—Cond. Knoch.

WED. EVE.—"RIGOLETTO." Lazzarini, Fleury, Morsolni, Rosseel, Viviano, DeBlasi, Cervi; Tell and Corps de Ballet—Cond. Knoch.

THURSDAY—"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO." Barrera, Fazzi, Klinova, Tommasini, Royer, DeBlasi, Tudisco; Tell and Corps de Ballet—Cond. Knoch.

FRIDAY—"AIDA." Ragni, Fleury, Kilnova, Camilla, Viviano, DeBlasi, Cervi; Tell and Corps de Ballet—Cond. Perosi.

SAT. MAT.—"MADAME BUTTERFLY." Pinto, Fazzi, Klinova, Rosseel, Marr.

SAT. EVE.—"IL TROVATORE." Strogo, Fleury, Klinova, Tommasini, Viviano, Tudisco; Tell and Corps de Ballet—Cond. Knoch.

PRICES: Evening $3 Sat. Mat., 50c-$2.50—Wed. Mat., 50c-$2.00

SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR ALL OPERAS

At Box Office. Also at Little Building at Box Office Prices. Phone Beach 4626

HOLBROOK BLINN IN THE BAD MAN

AS A JOLLY BANDIT

"ONE OF THOSE TREATS WE GET NOW AND THEN" —KATHARINE LYONS TRAVELER.

MERRY MATINEES THURS. AND SAT.

"No Lollypop Entertainment is 'THE BAD MAN.'—A Fascinating Masterpiece."

—Said Mr. Hawkins in the Advertiser.

AT THE SHUBERT PLYMOUTH

P. S.—Note the Thurs. Mat. Prices 50c, $1.00, $1.50

GAYETY THEATRE

TWICE DAILY—2:10 AND 8:10 P. M.

I. H. HERK Introduces

JINGLE JINGLE

A CONCOCTION OF LAUGHS, MUSIC and DANCING with GINGERY MERRYMAKERS including HARRY STEPPE and HARRY O'NEAL

GORDON'S OLYMPIA Wash. St.

First and Exclusive Showing in Boston

A Drama of Marriage and Forgiving in Marriage

Anita STEWART in The INVISIBLE FEAR

THIS FASCINATING PLAY

STANDS AMONG THE MOST SUMPTUOUS PHOTOPLAYS EVER PRODUCED. THE PRESENTS CONSTITUTES A WARDROBE THAT ANITA STEWART SHE HAS EVER GLORIOUSLY WORN, WALTER McGRAIL AND ALAN FORREST.

Thrills Aplenty With Elemental Tragedy and Emotional Heroics

And a story strong in drama and the unexpected

BOBBY VERNON in "Pure and Simple"

5 EXCEPTIONAL VAUDEVILLE ACTS

TWO DAINTY MISSES THE KANE SISTERS "The Nine Bells of Harmony"

ARTHUR WHITELAW The Merry Mimic Monologist

HENRY LEWIS & GRACE Unique Singing and Dancing

ERWIN & JANE CONNOLLY In an Original Comedy Skit "A SALE OF A SHIRT"

The Big Act of the Season BOBBY O'NEIL In the Novel Musical Sensation "Our Queens & the Jobs"

Written by Jack Stark, Characters and Act Staged by Norman Phillips. Song with Melodic Harry Jack Pastor Denis Gain Julia Barzelle

SUNDAY CONCERT 3 to 10:30

ARLINGTON Theatre

Phone Beach 5867

Evgs. 8:15 Mats. 2:15

5th BIG WEEK STARTING MONDAY Nov. 7th

VERDI'S Spectacular Opera AIDA

Compare our performances of 'AIDA' Scenically-Artistically and Vocally—WITH ANYTHING AT DOUBLE THE PRICE

OVER 100 IN THE CAST

No Advance in Prices

Evgs. and Sat. Mats. 50 $1.00 $1.50 Wed. Mat. 25 50 75

Downtown Box Office at Filene's

GORDON'S STRAND UPHAM'S CORNER

MON.—TUES.—WED.

NAZIMOVA in "CAMILLE"

ON THE SAME BILL

"Pilgrims of the Night"

Oppenheim's Greatest Story

FRANCIS J. GRONIN at Organ

THURS.—FRI.—SAT.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "MAMMA'S AFFAIR"

HOBART BOSWORTH in "BLIND HEARTS"

Vaudeville Saturdays and Sundays only.

TODAY—Big Sunday Concert at 2 and 8

All Seats Reserved. Tel. Columbia 9060

FREE AUTO PARKING

ARLINGTON THEATRE

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

70 PLAYERS

Second Season

EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor

Miss Lois Ewell, Dramatic Soprano, Assisting Artist

Today at 3:30 P. M.

TICKETS 25c and 50c

WALDRON'S CASINO

THE HOUSE OF BIG SHOWS

MAX SPIEGEL Presents THE GLITTERING BURLESQUE

ABE REYNOLDS REVUE

WITH THE INIMITABLE ABE IN PERSON

20 SPIEGEL BEAUTIES IN THE DAZZLING CHORUS

POPULAR PRICES—Mats. 25c, 50c, 75c; Eves. 25c, 50c, 75c, $1

Seats Reserved

Beginning TOMORROW NIGHT

BOSTON STOCK COMPANY

ST. JAMES THEATRE

Boston's Newest and Most Beautiful Dramatic Play House—Mass. and Huntington Aves. Telephone Back Bay 202. Seats Downtown —Filene's, Shepard's, Jordan's.

SPECIAL ARMISTICE WEEK ATTRACTION

THREE FACES EAST

Greatest Secret Service and Mystery Play Ever Played

POPULAR STOCK PRICES

NEXT WEEK—Harvard Prize Play—"MAMMA'S AFFAIR"

San Carlo Opera Season Opens Tomorrow

FORTUNE GALLO brings his San Carlo Opera company to the Boston Opera House tomorrow for a two weeks' stay. Fifteen different operas will be presented in the sixteen performances. Every box has been sold for the performance of "Carmen" tomorrow night.

"Carmen" will be given with Esther Fervalni, Madeline Keltie, Anita Klinova, Frances Morosini, Romeo Boccaccl, Joseph Royer, Joseph Tudisco, Natale Cervi, Luigi Dalle Molle and Pietro DeBlasi and with Sylvia Tell and the corps de ballet. Carlo Peroni will conduct.

Tuesday night, in "La Boheme," Bianca Saroya will appear as Mimi, Madelina Keltie as Musetta and Giuseppe Agostini, a new tenor, as Rodolpho. Ernesto Knoch will officiate.

In "Faust" for the Wednesday matinee Sofia Charlebois will make her Boston debut with Agostini again as the tenor. Josephine Lucchese, coloratura soprano, will be heard for the first time in Boston on Wednesday as Gilda in "Rigoletto" with Boscacci as the Duke and Gaetano Viviano as Rigoletto.

The operas for the remainder of the week are Thursday, "La Forza del Destino"; Friday, "Aida"; Saturday matinee, "Butterfly"; Saturday night, "Trovatore."

SALE FOR EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Much interest is already manifest in the coming extra series of Boston Symphony concerts at popular prices, the sale of season tickets for which will open tomorrow at Symphony Hall. These concerts, which will take place on Monday evenings, November 28, January 16, February 13, March 13 and April 10, have been arranged to accommodate many people who were disappointed in obtaining seats for the regular Symphony concerts and to afford an introduction to others to the full beauties of symphonic music as played by this famous orchestra. The soloists will be Alfred Mirovitch, John Powell, Estelle Liebling, Richard Burgin and Jean Bedetti.

STRAUSS CONCERT

Widespread interest has been caused by the return to this country of Richard Strauss after an absence of seventeen years, and much is expected of his single appearance in Boston, which will take place in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon. The program will consist of entirely his own music. Several of his later compositions are included. Dr. Strauss has brought with him Elisabeth Schumann, a soprano noted as an interpreter of his songs and operatic roles.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

A program consisting entirely of Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss music will mark the pension fund concert to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, November 20. Tschaikowsky will be represented by his masterpiece, the "Pathetic Symphony, and Strauss by three tone poems, "Death and Transfiguration," "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel."

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Ferenc Vecsey, will appear as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Pupil of Joachim, and protege of Brahms and Patti, he has made splendid achievements. He will play Tschaikowsky's violin concerto here. Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Mazeppa," the second Symphony of Sibelius and "A Poem of Youth," by David Stanley Smith, will be the orchestral numbers.

CHALIAPINE IN BOSTON

Feodor Chaliapine, the great Russian singer, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, arrived in New York recently, with Richard Strauss, in preparation for a brief tour of the United States. This tour will give one appearance in Boston at Symphony Hall, on Thursday evening, November 17.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, with Emil Mollenhauer as conductor, will give its third concert this afternoon at the Arlington Theatre. Lois Ewell, dramatic soprano of the Boston Society of Singers, will assist. The program includes Litolff's "Robespierre" overture, Mozart's G-minor symphony, Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris" and various songs.

GERHARDT RECITAL

Elena Gerhardt, messo-soprano, not heard in Boston since before the war, will give a recital in Jordan Hall next Tuesday evening with Coenraad Bos as her accompanist. Her program will be made up largely of songs of Brahms and Beethoven, with some songs in English added.

NO McCORMACK CONCERT

The concert to have been given in Symphony Hall this afternoon by John McCormack has been postponed because the tenor has accepted an invitation to sing at the reception to Marshal Foch in Chicago. Those holding tickets may use them for his next concert or have their money refunded.

LANCASTER THEATRE

"Beau Revel," a Thomas H. Ince production, will be presented as the feature attraction at the Lancaster the first of the week, along with Gladys Walton, who will be seen in "High Heels." The program on Thursday will offer Thomas Meighan in "The Conquest of Canaan" and Marie Provost in "Nobody's Fool."

MUSIC NOTES

Dorothy Fairbanks, soprano, gives her debut recital in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, November 15.

Jean Bedetti's recital at Jordan Hall has been postponed to Tuesday, November 22.

In Symphony Hall, on Sunday afternoon, November 27, at 3:30, a joint concert will be given by Emilio De Gogorza, baritone, and Elly Ney, Alsatian pianist.

The London String Quartet will give its first concert at Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 26, the program including works by Debussy, Schubert, Bridge and Waldo Warner.

Amusements. Amusements.

B. F. KEITH'S
AMUSEMENT CENTRE OF BOSTON
Week of Nov. 7 at 2 and 8. H. G. LARSEN, Gen. Manager. Tel. Beach 1724

BIGGEST VAUDEVILLE OF THE YEAR
MARGARET YOUNG — VARIETY VILLE'S VERSATILE COMEDIENNE
HAMILTON & BARNES — IN THEIR 1921 VERSION OF "JUST FUN"
FIRST STAGE APPEARANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BABE RUTH — THE BAMBINO HIMSELF
AND WELLINGTON CROSS — A Satirical Home Run
Tickets one week in advance. Checks parable to Treas. B. F. Keith's Theatre.
BEWARE of SPECULATORS
Coming EDDIE LEONARD IRENE BORDONI
Anita Diaz Monkeys — DARWINIAN DEMONSTRATORS OF FUN & FROLIC
Paul & Pauline — IN A DAINTY AERIAL ODDITY
A Trio of Skilled Entertainers — SWOSA BARAFF
WEBER, BECK & FRASER | McLALLEN & CARSON
AESOP'S FABLES | TOPICS OF THE DAY | PATHE WEEKLY
ADDED ATTRACTION: A COMIC RELICS OF LIFE — ADDED ATTRACTION
"A MAN OF AFFAIRS" — EDDIE BUZZELL — BY DANIEL RUSSELL
A LAURENCE SCHWAB PRODUCTION IN FOUR SCENES
SUNDAY — TWO CONCERTS 2 & 8 P. M. — ARNOLD DALY & WM. NORRIS, RUTH ROYE, BERT & BETTY WHEELER, A. DIXON RICHARDALL, JIM & BLANCHE CREIGHTON, TRANSFIELD SISTERS, HOWARD & SADLER, NEWELL & MOST, TOPICS OF THE DAY, AESOP'S FABLES, PATHE NEWS.

Amusements. Amusements.

SYMPHONY HALL
Notice—The McCORMACK concert scheduled for today has been postponed. Tickets will be good for the later concert, date to be announced, or money refunded at box office.
NEXT FRI. AFT., Nov. 11, at 2:30 — Boston Symphony Orchestra — PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor — Soloist FERENC VECSEY — A few seats for the Saturday Concert on Sale
NEXT SUN. AFT., Nov. 13, at 2:30 — AN AFTERNOON OF STRAUSS MUSIC — RICHARD STRAUSS, The Greatest Living Composer — Assisted by SCHUMANN and PIASTRO Mishel — Noted Interpreter of His Songs and Solo — Celebrated Russian Violinist — Tickets Now at $7.50, $5.00, $4.50, $3.00, $2.00 (plus 10% tax)
THURS. EVE., Nov. 17, at 8:15 — RUSSIA'S GREAT SINGER — CHALIAPINE — BRIEF TOUR OF AMERICA — Tickets Now, $7.50, $5.00, $4.50 $3.00 (plus 10% tax)
SUN. AFT., Nov. 20, at 2:30 — PENSION FUND CONCERT — BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor — TSCHAIKOWSKY-STRAUSS PROGRAMME — Tickets Na. $7.50, $5.00, $4.50, $3.00 (No Tax)
SUN. AFT., Nov. 27, at 2:30 — EMILIO DE GOGORZA — JOINT CONCERT — ELLY NEY — Tickets $7.50, $5.00, $4.50, $3.00 (Plus 10% Tax)
MAIL ORDERS FOR THE ABOVE CONCERTS TO E. H. MUDGETT, SYMPHONY HALL
FIVE EXTRA CONCERTS — On Monday Evenings, Nov. 28, Jan. 16, Feb. 13, March 13, April 10 — BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — PIERRE MONTEUX, Conductor — SOLOISTS: JOHN POWELL, Piano; RICHARD BURGIN, Violin; ESTELLE LIEBLING, Soprano; JEAN BEDETTI, 'Cello; ALFRED MIROVITCH, Piano — Season Tickets—$7.50, $5.00, $4.00 (No Tax). Sale opens Tomorrow (Nov. 7) at 8:30 A. M.

Amusements. Amusements. Amusements.

PARK THEATRE — WASHINGTON STREET — Continuous 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. DAILY
"WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME" — IT CONCERNS YOU — FOOD FOR THOUGHT
A DRAMATIC SCREEN VERSION OF THE FAMOUS STAGE SUCCESS — FEATURING ANNA Q. NILSSON
THE TRIART PRODUCTION OF
THE BEGGAR MAID
BASED ON SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES' FAMOUS PAINTING AND TENNYSON'S POEM OF KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID.
CREATED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK
WILLIAM CHRISTY CABANNE'S
"THE BARRICADE"
BY DANIEL CARSON GOODMAN
A Story of How Love Broke Down the Wall of Prejudice

NEWMAN — TRAVEL TALKS — Motion Pictures — Color Views
5 FRI. EVES. SAT. MATS. — Beg. Nov. 18-19 — ICELAND and Spitsbergen — Dec. 2-3
ALASKA — Nov. 18-19 — SWEDEN Norway & Denmark — Dec. 9-10
CANADIAN Rockies, Nov. 25-26 — SWITZERLAND — Dec. 16-17
Course Sale Tomorrow at Symphony Hall—$5, $4, $3, $2.50 (Plus Tax)

Cosmopolitan Productions
Bookings on Cosmopolitan Productions
Released by Paramount
"THE RESTLESS SEX" — Starring Marion Davies — Nov. 3, Opera House, Ipswich. Nov. 10, Dreamland, Nantucket.
"HELIOTROPE" — Nov. 7-8, Bijou, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Nov. 9, Unique, Lynnmore, Me. Nov. 9-10, Unique, Boston. Nov. 14, Mode, Beebe River, N. H.
"THE INSIDE OF THE CUP" — Nov. 6-7, Garden, Springfield. Nov. 7-8, Elite, Walpole. Nov. 7-8, Opera House, Rumford. Nov. 9-10, Day Square, East Boston.
"THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM" — Nov. 7-8, Needham, Needham. Nov. 8, Star, Taconic, R. I. Nov. 9, Norfolk, Norfolk Downs.
"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY" — Nov. 7-8, Colonial, Laconia, N. H. Nov. 7-8, Inman Square, Cambridge. Nov. 9-10, Hamilton, Dorchester. Nov. 11, Pauline, Tilton. Nov. 11, Star, Fairlee, Vt.
"BURIED TREASURE" — Starring Marion Davies — Nov. 9, Town Hall, Amherst. Nov. 9-10, Allen's, New Bedford.
"PROXIES" — Nov. 7-12, Broadway, Lawrence. Nov. 7-8, Medford, Medford. Nov. 7-8, Purchase, Bristol, R. I. Nov. 10-12, Alhambra, Quincy. Nov. 11, Elizabeth, Falmouth.
"THE WILD GOOSE" — Nov. 7, Crown, White River Jct., Vt. Nov. 7-8, Princess, Bridgewater. Nov. 11-12, Colonial, Nashua, N. H.
"THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED" — Nov. 7, Orono, Orono, Me. Nov. 7, Black's, Fairhaven. Nov. 7-8, Majestic, Burlington, Vt. Nov. 7-8, Berwick, Manchester, N. H. Nov. 9-10, Stoneham, Stoneham. Nov. 9-12, Salvation Hall, Keene, N. H. Nov. 11, Majestic, Holyoke. Nov. 11-12, Opera House, Rumford, Me.

"HE DRAGGED HIS BROTHER THROUGH THE STREETS TO MAKE HIM ASK FORGIVENESS AT HIS MOTHER'S KNEE"
THIS IS ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS IN WILLIAM FOX'S SENSATIONAL PHOTOPLAY OF MOTHER-LOVE DIVINE
OVER THE HILL
THE WONDER PICTURE OF ALL TIME
PRICES: NIGHTS, SAT. & HOLIDAY MATS. 85c 55c 85c $1.10 — MATS. 30c & 55c (INCLUDING WAR TAX) — SEATS 2 WEEKS IN ADVANCE
TREMONT TEMPLE — TWICE DAILY—2:15 & 8:15 — NO SEATS RESERVED BY PHONE
11th WEEK of RECORD-BREAKING ATTENDANCE — SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE — TOMORROW at 8:15 — THOMAS B. LOTHIAN, MANAGER
ARMISTICE DAY MAT. NEXT FRIDAY, NOV. 11
CHARLES FROHMAN Announces the eagerly awaited Boston engagement
16 PERFORMANCES ONLY
RUTH CHATTERTON
In the play which has caused the widest discussion in England and in this country of any work of the brilliant Scotch dramatist, J. M. Barrie, and in the role in which she has achieved the most complete success of her career, surrounded by the superb New York English Theatre Company.
"MARY ROSE" by JAMES M. BARRIE

MODERN BEACON — Exclusive first run Photo Play Features — GREATER BOSTON — FOLLOWING PROGRAM AT BOTH THEATRES
SESSUE HAYAKAWA IN "The SWAMP" — A Tale of Hearts in a City's Slums
WANDA HAWLEY in "Her Face Value"

COLONIAL THEATRE — DIRECTION ERLANGER, DILLINGHAM & ZIEGFELD — THOMAS B. LOTHIAN, Manager — Evgs. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.
TOMORROW at 8:15 — ARMISTICE DAY MAT. — NO WED. MAT. — FIRST WEEK
FOR ONLY A SHORT STAY
OH ME! OH MY! OH YOU!
A. L. ERLANGER'S MAMMOTH MUSICAL COMEDY TRIUMPH
TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE
FRESH FROM ITS TREMENDOUS NEW YORK SUCCESS!

SHUBERT MAJESTIC THEATRE — LEE & J. J. SHUBERT — TWICE DAILY—2 and 8 P.M. — SEATS ALSO AT LITTLE BUILDING AT BOX OFFICE PRICES
SHUBERT VAUDEVILLE — BIG 2 CONCERTS SUNDAY at 3 & 8 P.M.
SOARING SKY-HIGH IN QUALITY DOWN TO SEA-LEVEL IN PRICE — 25c 50c 75c $1.00 — EXCEPT SAT. SUN. & HOLIDAYS
DAILY MATINEE 25c 50c
LA SYLPHE with Fletcher Norton
LILLIAN FITZGERALD — Comedienne, Billy Griffiths, at Piano
CHAS. T. ALDRICH — In One of His Peculiar Specialties
ALEXANDRA CARLISLE — In "It Can Be Done" — With Harry Corson Clarke
WALTER WEEMS — The Southern Humorist
MARIA LO — In "Porcelains"
CALLAHAN & BLISS — "Two Sports from Michigan"
"THREE CHUMS" at the Club
LUCY GILLETTE — "Go Get 'Em" ROCKNE
TODAY at 3 and 8 P. M.
2 BIG SUNDAY CONCERTS TODAY — Cheedlel, Cecil Cunningham, Dickinson & Deagon, Ernest Evans, and girls, Fat Harden, Cedera & Moro, Features from "The PASSING SHOW of 1921," Shubert News Weekly, Mutt & Jeff Comedy.

BOSTON THEATRE — Continuous — H. G. LARSEN, General Manager — 10 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.
First Time in Boston! — Shown Here Only — One of the Really Great Masterpieces of the Year
A MAN'S HOME — What He Works For — What He Fights For — Where His Love Lies — What He'd Die For
A Story of a Successful Business Man Who Finds Success at Home Calls for Different Methods
The Merriest Comedians — FRANCES KENNEDY — In Exclusive Scenic Monologue Her Own Conception
WALSH--REED & WALSH — A Trio of Harmony Funsters Offering "Odd Ditties"
??? ERFORD'S ODDITIES ??? — Pathe News — Aesop's Fables — Latest Comedy — Topics of the Day
Odd and Different — SHEMAN & ROSE — Unique Variety Dancing
EXTRA ATTRACTION! — Presented — THE NEW JANITOR — ARCHER & BELFORD — An Amusing Skit Depicting the Only King of America in All His Glory — EXTRA ATTRACTION! — A Clever Pair
SUNDAY — VAUDEVILLE & PICTURES — Continuous 1 to 10:30 — Doors Open at 2:30

MANY GIRLS HAVE NAUGHTY NOTIONS
They're not wholly content with friend hubby, but must simply carry on with many other men, oftentimes
"SKATING on THIN ICE" — Such was "Bode" Warren
ONE WEEK ONLY — "OUR LITTLE WIFE"
The Friskiest, Funniest, Fastest Farce Ever Written — "Funnier than 'Fair and Warmer'" and a Wee Bit Naughtier
SOMERVILLE PLAYERS — WEEK OF NOV. 7
Week of Nov. 14—"CORNERED." Last Week in Boston.

WILBUR THEATRE — SHUBERT — Lee and J. J. Shubert, Directors — Seats Also at Little Building at Box Office Prices — Evgs. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:15 — PHONE BEACH 4520
SUCCESS CONFIRMED BY CAPACITY AUDIENCES
4th LAUGHING WEEK—TOMORROW
The Mirthful, Melodious, Magnificent
ROSE GIRL
"Keeps audience laughing heartily."—Advertiser. "Almost continuous laughter."—Telegram. "Lot of hearty laughs—host of pretty girls."—Globe. "Mirth, humor and the joy of living."—Post. "Hillebrand makes 'em scream."—Advertiser.
FRED HILLEBRAND
Louis Simon, Marguerite Lamare, Shep Camp, Sarah Edwards, Harold Crane, Edna, Temple, A. Barbour Halliday, Irene Rowan, Francis Morey, Ruth and Arthur Boylan, & Dashing Protegees
Absolutely the Prettiest Chorus of Dainty Dancing Girls Boston Has Seen in a Decade
Wed. & Sat. Matinees—Best Seats $2.00
SPECIAL MATINEE ARMISTICE DAY — REAL HIT OF THE TOWN

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN HIS GREATEST PICTURE
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
Beginning Today at 3 P. M. Evenings at 8:15
GLOBE — WASHINGTON STREET NEAR BOYLSTON
AT POPULAR PRICES
MATINEES . . . 25c and 50c
EVENINGS . . . 25c to 75c
ALL SEATS RESERVED
TELEPHONE BEACH 445

LOEW'S ORPHEUM — Continuous 9:15 A. M. to 10:30 P. M. — In the Heart of the Shopping District
MON., TUES., WED. — FRANK MAYO in "SOS" — STRAIGHT 6—VAUDEVILLE ACTS—6 — Latest News and Comedy
THURS., FRI., SAT. & SUN. — BY POPULAR REQUEST — MARY PICKFORD — In "POLLYANA" — One of Her Greatest Successes
6—BIG ACTS—6 — Sunday, Vaudeville & Pictures. Open 1:30 P.M.

SHUBERT THEATRE — Lee & J. J. Shubert, Directors — Seats Also at Little Bldg. at Box Office Prices — Evenings at 8 — Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2 — PHONE BEACH 4520
SPECIAL MAT. FRI. 50c to $1.50
SECOND RECORD-BREAKING WEEK
MESSRS. LEE & J. J. SHUBERT offer
THE NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN'S
PASSING SHOW OF 1921 — PRESENTING — WILLIE and EUGENE HOWARD
WITH ALL STAR CAST OF 150 including
75 WINTER GARDEN BEAUTIES
ASTOUNDING PRICES! — Nights—Except Sat. & Hol. 50c to $2.50; POP. MATS. WED. and FRI., 50c to $1.50; Saturday Mat., 50c to $2.00

FRANKLIN PARK THEATRE
MON.—TUES.—WED.
WILLIAM de MILLE'S BIG STAR TRIUMPH
AFTER THE SHOW
with ROBERT HILLIARD and OWEN MOORE
SELECT VAUDEVILLE
THURS.—FRI.—SAT.
CONWAY TEARLE
in Some Tempting Bit of Photo Entertainment
AFTER MIDNIGHT
HOPE, HUDSON SISTERS
SELECT VAUDEVILLE
TONITE — Something to Think About — VAUDEVILLE ACTS

The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, November 6, 1921
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"THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON"—Painted Especially for This Page by Albert Vargas

King Solomon Didn't Write "The Song of Solomon"?

Evidence That the Most Equisite Literary Gem of the Old Testament Was Not Writen Until 500 Years After the Old King Was Dead and Buried

King Solomon and the Shulamite, According to Tradition.

THE further we get away from historic events of the past the better we understand them. It is a curious fact that we know much more to-day about ancient Egypt, 4,000 years ago, than has ever been known even in the centuries which closely followed.

The Bible scholar of to-day knows infinitely more about the life and doings of the Saviour than those who lived within a hundred years of his death. And this is especially true also of our rapidly increasing knowledge of the Old Testament characters and events.

In all the Holy Scriptures there is no more beautiful bit of literature than the Old Testament book called "The Song of Solomon." This exquisite bit of poetry has for centuries been attributed to King Solomon, who is believed to have written this beautiful love poem.

But now Professor Morris Jastrow, the world renowned biblical scholar, who occupied the chair of Semitics in the University of Pennsylvania until the day of his death recently, makes announcement in a volume completed just before he died that Solomon never wrote "The Song of Solomon!"

In fact, Professor Jastrow declares that not only did the great king never write this classic love poem, but that he never saw it or heard it, and, indeed, it was not written until 500 years after Solomon was dead and buried, and was not put into the present form in which it appears in the Scriptures until 200 years later than that.

Professor Jastrow demonstrates with much evidence and erudition in his volume, "The Song of Songs," just to issue from the Lippincott Press, that Solomon could not have written this book and that the book is really made up of twenty-two separate and more or less distinct love songs on the topic of love. This collection contains what the Arabs call "wasf" poems descriptive of the passion of love, nine four in number, two drinking songs, three vineyard songs, two garden songs, a spring song, a song for the bridal process, and a song on the power of love, one on the chastity of the maiden and a group of songs expressive of the longing of lovers for union, expressed in various ways.

How, then, did it happen that this book found its way into the Bible, for the name of God is not mentioned a single time throughout the book? Dr. Jastrow holds that the reason for its admission into the canon of Scripture was because of "the instinctive conviction of mankind that human love is sacred, even in its passionate manifestations, when not perverted by a sophisticated self-analysis."

Dr. Jastrow explains at length how Solomon came to be identified with the book as its author, and also explains how the church, Jewish and Christian, gave the book an allegorical interpretation, suggesting the idea, so often suggested by the prophets, that the lover represented God and the maiden, Israel. He also explains away the idea held by some that in this book we have a drama, or a dramatic poem, showing how impossible this is.

Elsewhere on this page, in parallel columns, are printed portions of the Song of Solomon as given in the Bible and Professor Jastrow's revised version, showing how these verses really should be rendered.

The Maidens of the Court Singing to King Solomon.

The Song of Solomon

Love's Ecstasy.

Authorized Version.	Professor Jastrow's Version.
I. 2-4.	
Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth!	Let me drink the kisses of thy mouth
For thy love is better than wine.	For thy love is sweeter than wine.
Because of the savour of thy good ointments,	Thou art as clarified oil;
Thy name is as ointment poured forth,	
Therefore do the virgins love thee.	Therefore do the virgins love thee.
Draw me, we will run after thee:	Hasten to take me away;
The king hath brought me into his chambers	Bring me, O king, into thy chamber,
We will be glad and rejoice in thee,	There to be glad and be merry with thee;
We will remember thy love more than wine.	To be drunk with thy love more than wine.

The Saucy Maiden.

I. 5-6.	
I am black, but comely,	Swarthy am I, but comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,	O maidens of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,	Swarthy as the tents of Kedar,
As the curtains of Solomon.	As Solomonic hangings.
Look not upon me, because I am black,	Heed not that I am swarthy,
Because the sun hath looked upon me;	That the sun has scorched me.
My mother's children were angry with me;	
They made me the keeper of the vineyards;	The keeper of the vineyards they made me;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept.	But my own vineyard I did not keep

Love's Longing.

I. 7-8.	
Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,	(Beloved) O tell me, beloved of my soul,
Where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon.	Where thou feedest:
For who should I be as one that turneth aside	For why should I roam about,
By the flocks of thy companions?	Among the flocks of thy comrades.
If thou know not,	(Lover) If thou knowest not,
O thou fairest among women,	Fairest of women!
Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock	Follow the tracks of the flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.	By the tents of the shepherds.

The Shulamite and Her Lover in the Fields.

The Bridal Procession.

Authorized Version.	Professor Jastrow's Version.
III. 6-11.	
Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness	Who is this coming up from the meadows
Like pillars of smoke,	Like a dense cloud of smoke?
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,	Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
With all the powders of the merchant?	With the powders of the merchant.
Behold his bed, which is Solomon's:	
Threescore valiant men are about it,	Three score warriors about her,
Of the valiant of Israel.	Of the warriors of Israel.
They all hold swords,	All armed with swords:
Being expert in war:	In warfare trained.
Every man hath his sword on his thigh,	Each with his sword upon his thigh,
Because of fear in the night.	Against danger at night.
King Solomon made himself a chariot	The king has made him a conveyance
Of the wood of Lebanon.	Of the woods of the Lebanon.
He made the pillars thereof of silver,	Its supports he has made of silver;
The bottom thereof of gold,	Its seat of gold,
The covering of it of purple.	Its body of purple within.

The Beauty of the Beloved.

IV. 1-7.	
Behold, thou art fair, my love;	(Lover) Ah, thou art fair, my darling;
Behold, thou art fair,	Ah, thou art fair,
Thou hast doves' eyes	Ah, thy eyes are doves,
Within thy locks:	Behind thy veil.
Thy hair is a flock of goats,	Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That appear from Mount Gilead.	That trail from Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn,	Thy teeth are like a flock ready for shearing
Which came up from the washing;	That have come up from the washing
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,	Thy lips are like a scarlet thread,
And thy speech is comely.	And thy mouth is comely.
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate	Thy temple is like a slice of pomegranate,
Behind thy veil;	Within thy locks.
Thy neck is like a tower of David,	Thy neck like the tower of David,
Builded for an armoury,	Built for an armory.

The Love Sickness.

Love's Consummation.

Authorized Version.	Professor Jastrow's Version.
II. 1-7.	
I am the rose of Sharon,	(Beloved) The saffron of the plain am I,
And the lily of the valleys.	The lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns,	(Lover) As the lily among thistles,
So is my love among the daughters	So is my darling among maidens
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,	(Beloved) As the apple among the trees of the forest,
So is my beloved among the sons.	So is my love among youths
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,	In his shadow I love to dwell,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste	And his fruit is sweet to me
He brought me to the banqueting house,	Bring me to the house of wine.
And his banner over me was love.	And serve me with love.
Stay me with flagons,	Stay me with raisins;
Comfort me with apples,	Refresh me with apples.
For I am sick of love.	
His left hand is under my head,	His left arm caressing my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.	His right one embracing me

Springtide of Love.

II. 8-14.	
The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh,	(Beloved) Hark! my love is coming,
Leaping upon the mountains,	Leaping over mountains;
Skipping upon the hills.	Bounding over hillocks.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart;	
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,	Behold him behind our wall,
He looketh forth at the windows,	Looking through windows;
Shewing himself through the lattice.	Peering through lattices.
My beloved spake, and said unto me,	My love began to speak unto me:
Rise up, my love,	(Lover) Rise up, my darling;
My fair one, and come away.	My fair one, come away,
For, lo, the Winter is past,	For, lo, the Winter is past,

The Maiden and Her Lover Amid the Flowerr—Ch. III.: 5.

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Gloria Swanson "Vamped" Her Own Husband?

The Film Star Protests That She Didn't Use Her Fascinations to Charm the Rich Old Shoe Magnate—and Then Turn Him Over to Mamma Swanson to Marry

Mamma Swanson, the Widow of the Late Matthew P. Burns, the Los Angeles Chain Store Shoe Magnate.

And When the Will of the Rich Old Shoe Merchant Was Read and They Found That the Widow (Gloria Swanson's Mamma) Got All but About a Measly $500 Apiece for the Sister, Brother and Nephew the Trouble Started.

Another Photograph of Gloria Swanson in a Film Part.

Gloria Swanson, Who Certainly Makes an Attractive Vamp on the Screen.

The Late Matthew P. Burns, Who Married Gloria's Mother and Left His Estate to Her.

OF course everyone knows what a "vamp" is in the movies. She has [illegible] she uses her eyes with a deadly effect, and she has that engaging way of lifting her [illegible]

The "vamp," as we know her in the movies, is always after somebody or something for [illegible] rich young man because she wants his money. Usually she is working her wiles to their full capacity to ensnare the young man into matrimony.

There is almost always "another woman." The other woman, of course, is a sweet, pure, simple-minded girl of high character whom the audience hopes the young man will marry instead of falling a victim to the rather crude and very obvious machinations of the vamp. Everyone in the audience sees and understands the tricks and wiles of the vamp—but the rich young man is entirely blind to her horrid tricks.

Everybody who goes to the movies knows Gloria Swanson. She has given the movie audiences many interpretations of her own idea of how a vamp does her vamping.

But the charming screen vampire now stands accused in the California courts of having played a vamp part in real life.

And the unusual thing about this court proceeding is that it is alleged that Gloria Swanson used her vamping wiles not for herself, but to hook a rich man as husband for Gloria's mother!

The situation as set forth in the legal papers in the suit in the Los Angeles Probate Court to upset the will of the late husband of Gloria's mother is a novel one. No scenario writer has ever thought of quite such a situation. There is no movie on the screen which shows a vamp using her own personal charms and machinations to catch a rich man for her mother.

Of course, Gloria Swanson and her mother, who is the widow of the late Matthew P. Burns, who owned a chain of shoe stores in Los Angeles, deny in vehement chorus that either Gloria or Mamma Swanson ever thought of such a thing as vamping the old shoe merchant. They protest that it is outrageous to say that Gloria vamped old Burns until he was crazy about her, and then suddenly sprang on the old man the fact that Gloria was married and that his hopes and ambitions could never be realized—and then whispered in his ear that Mamma Swanson was a lovely lady, and if he would only marry mamma Gloria could come and live in the house and be such a nice daughter that it would be the next best thing to marrying Gloria herself.

It is the sister, the nephew and two brothers of the late Matthew P. Burns, the shoe store magnate, who are bringing the suit to break the will which leaves about all of the Burns money to the widow, Gloria's mother. How much the Burns estate will finally turn out to be is not exactly known. But anybody who has bought a pair of shoes in the last few years will have no doubt that a man who operated eleven shoe stores certainly ought to have piled up money in bales.

The story of the shoe man, his wife, his pretty movie-star daughter-in-law and his indignant poor relations is a study in contrasts. Gloria Swanson might have a scenario man put it in shape for a movie and work in her mother in the widow's part and make quite a novel film of it all.

Maybe the indignant relatives of the shoe man might be hired to play their parts, too. Of course, the late Mr. Burns isn't available for the cast.

The locale of the story ranges from a modest, weather-beaten rooming house at the edge of Los Angeles noisy business districts, where the hero of the late Mr Burns is landlady of the cloistered seclusion of a great white mansion at No. 926 Edgemont Boulevard in fashionable Hollywood, where the widow lives in solitary splendor with her retinue of servants.

Matthew Burns died in the great white house on August 17 last. The socially elect of Los Angeles and Hollywood sent flowers and condolences. His funeral was a gorgeous thing.

Yet a dozen years ago Mr. Burns was a shoe salesman, unknown outside his narrow business circles. He worked hard, was ambitious. He embarked upon a shoe store venture—and failed for lack of funds to tide him over the critical stage. He tried again and succeeded.

Thus at his death he owned and controlled a chain of eleven stores in downtown Los Angeles. His income enabled him to own costly automobiles and to maintain the magnificent home on Edgemont Boulevard. He moved in the best society.

His relatives gathered on an afternoon soon after his death in the office of an attorney to hear the reading of the will.

"There were Mrs. Marguerite A. Graham, gowned in rusty black and heavily veiled, with her son, Burns John Graham, a young man in mid-twenties. They were the sister and nephew of the deceased.

Likewise there were the brothers, John F. and Thomas A. Burns, both men of moderate means—and the widow, Mrs. Adeline Lew Burns, mother of Gloria Swanson. It was an interested and an expectant group.

The lawyer adjusted his spectacles and picked up the will. The stiff paper, long folded, rustled in the hush. He read, slowly:

"'To my bookkeeper and business friend, Mrs. Ester Beutel, the sum of $2,000, and to my sister, nephew and brothers the sum of $500 each!'

And all the rest of the estate, without reservation, was bequeathed to the widow. The will was filed for probate.

Out of the proceedings of that afternoon have grown the amazing charges of the suit to break the will—charges which seek to brand the motion picture star and her mother adventuresses and the star herself a vampire.

Five groups of contest are contained in the document. It is alleged:

FIRST—"That at the time said deceased, Matthew P. Burns, in form executed the said purported and pretended will, he, the said Matthew P. Burns, now deceased, was not of sound mind and was mentally incompetent to execute a will."

SECOND—That the will "was not signed by said deceased, nor was deceased's name signed by either of the subscribing witnesses thereto, or by any person who wrote his name as a witness thereto, nor was said purported will subscribed by any person in the presence of said deceased and by his direction; that the names of the purported witnesses of said will were not signed, nor was either of them signed [illegible] and declared [illegible] be his last will in the presence of said witnesses or either of them."

THIRD—That Mr. Burns was on November 26, 1919, the date of the execution of the will "used for a long time before thereto infirm, mentally weak and enfeebled, and easily influenced;" that Mrs. Burns poisoned his mind against his sister, nephew and brothers, so that he was forced to visit them by stealth to avoid domestic trouble."

FOURTH—That the will now offered for probate "was not in fact the last will of said deceased," and that if he did execute it he did not know its contents "and could not and did not read the same."

FIFTH—That Mrs. Burns and her daughter, Miss Swanson, conspired that Burns should become infatuated with Miss Swanson, and that she persuaded him to marry her mother, "promising that by such marriage said Gloria Swanson and said deceased would see each other frequently and would be associated together frequently and would all reside together."

Those, then, are the allegations upon which the contestants base their suit. But there are other legally minor allegations in the document which have caused much of the gossip.

It is charged, for instance, that Mrs. Burns married the shoe magnate "for the sole purpose of getting all his money, estate and property she could."

It is charged that she, the widow, "paid, or agreed to pay, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayes the sum of $100 or a sum thereabouts," for an introduction to Burns, providing she married him as a result of the introduction.

The complaint states that Miss Swanson [illegible] and urged" Burns "to become infatuated and in love with her," later telling him she was "married to another," and then "suggested and urged him to marry her mother."

The action for the comedy drama begins back in 1916 when Miss Swanson and her mother first came to California. The daugh-

[illegible]

[illegible] whom she later [illegible]

It was [illegible]

It is [illegible] things these people [illegible] him to [illegible] stuff? Pro[illegible] vamp stuff [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

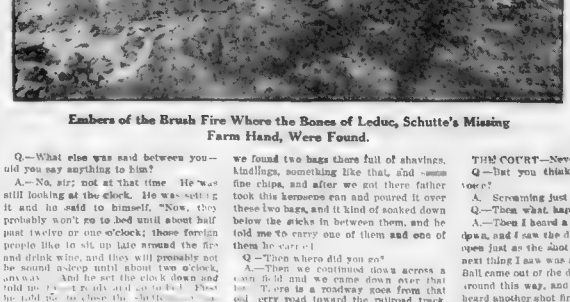
[

How I Watched My Father

The Extraordinary Testimony of Young the Cold-Blooded Slaughter of the Mr. and Mrs. Ball and Their Son As of the Door of Their Home Which the Elder Schutte Had Set on Fire

Young Twelve-year-old Augustus Schutte Peered in at the Window of the Old Mill and Saw the Murdered Body of Leduc, the Farm Hand.

Julius Schutte, the Son Who Accuses His Father of Exterminating the Entire Ball Family.



Embers of the Brush Fire Where the Bones of Leduc, Schutte's Missing Farm Hand, Were Found.

IN the Superior Court at Middletown, Connecticut, a remarkable murder trial is dragging its slow length along. Emil Schutte, a well-known resident and well-to-do storekeeper of the town of Haddam, near Middletown, is on trial for his life, and it is his twenty-two-year-old son, Julius Schutte, who is the chief witness against his father, the accused murderer.

It was in the early morning of December 10, six years ago, that the neighbors discovered the burning embers of a cottage, and as the fire cooled and they approached nearer they saw the charred bodies of Mr Joseph Ball, Mrs. Mary Ball, his wife, and young Jacob Ball, their son. The neighbors gathered from miles around, examined the ruins, reverently removed the three corpses, and were saddened by the thought that this December fire should have had such fatal results for everyone of the little household.

But suddenly, a few weeks ago, the neighborhood was startled by the arrest of Emil Schutte, a prosperous but not very favorably known member of the community. To the astonishment of everybody the prosecuting authorities definitely and unequivocally declared that this man not only set fire to the Ball residence, but with his own hand fired the shots which ended the lives of all three of the Ball family—father mother and son.

And that was not all. Schutte was also accused in the indictment of having murdered one of his farm hands, a man named Dennis Leduc. The astonishing statement was made that another one of Schutte's sons, little twelve-year-old Gus, happened to peek in the window of an outbuilding belonging to his father called "The Old Mill," and there beheld the murdered body of the French farm worker. Pursuing this clue the authorities searched for the remains of the missing man, and found under the ashes of a brush fire nearby the charred bones of the remains of poor Leduc. And even that is not believed to be the full catalogue of the victims of Emil Schutte whose murderous hand, the authorities believe, accounts for a number of mysterious disappearances in his neighborhood which otherwise are inaccountable.

When the present case was called to trial Julius Schutte, the twenty-two-year-old son of the accused murderer took the witness stand, and with perfect calmness told the shocking story of that terrible murder and lifted the veil from one of the most cold blooded, wholesale slaughters of recent years, if the young man has told the truth.

Julius is the second son of the accused murderer. Exploding why his father wished to wipe out of existence the entire Ball household, he declared that the elder Mr. Ball lived next to a piece of property owned by Schutte. For some reason, the young man asserted, Ball interfered with the sale of this property, which contained considerable acreage, woodland and a house known as "The Bungalow."

The immediate episode which stirred the murderous fury of his father occurred on the afternoon before the fire and slaughter Julius swore. On that afternoon Julius then a boy of sixteen (for it was in the Fall of 1915 that it happened), and his father had gone over to "The Bungalow" near the Ball place to bring provisions to some wood-hoppers whom the ogre Schutte had hired to work on the neighboring woodlot.

As the prosecuting attorney, Lawyer Inglis, led the young man up to the afternoon of December 9, six years ago, the following dramatic testimony was developed:

QUESTION BY PROSECUTING ATTORNEY INGLIS—How long did you and your father stay at the bungalow that afternoon?

ANSWER BY JULIUS SCHUTTE—Not but a few minutes, perhaps ten minutes.

QUESTION—Then where did you go?

ANSWER—Then we went on, started for home, passing Mr. Ball's house.

Q.—What, if anything, happened as you passed the Ball house?

A.—As we came by the Ball house Mr Ball was out in front of the house. When he saw us he jumped in the front door and came out with either a shotgun or a rifle in his hand, I don't know which it was. He pointed it at us, and when he raised it father struck the horse and he moved along fast, and Ball fired a shot.

Q.—Were there any words back and forth between Ball and your father?

A.—I got up to look back to see if he was following, and then after we passed the Ball place I said to my father, "He can't get away with that, he'll report that, and he'll be put in jail."

Q.—What did your father say to that?

A.—He said no, we will not report it, and he told me not to say a word about it, to keep it to myself. He said, "Don't tell your mother, your brothers or anybody."

Q.—Was there anything else said between you and your father on the way home with reference to this fire?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—About what time did you get home?

A.—Around four o'clock, I think.

Q.—How long did you stay at home?

A.—Until after dark. Soon after dark I got through the chores and we had supper. And after supper we went out and closed the buildings, closed the henhouse and the barn, and then came back to the house.

Q.—Did you afterward go out?

A.—My father said that some one should go to our bungalow to protect it. If there was no light down there and no one in the house that Ball might burn the property up.

Q.—What else did he say, if anything?

A.—Well, he said that he and I would go over and stay there that night to protect it. I was getting ready to go he told me to get a cold place and we would have some fuel along.

Q.—Well you started down to the bungalow about what time?

A.—Yes sir.

Q.—What if anything, did you take with you?

A.—Well I carried a bag, a small bag, with some small kindlings for firewood and one of those small square tin cans full of kerosene and my father carried another bag with a shotgun and a rifle that he told me to take out and put in the bag.

Q.—Did you go directly to the bungalow?

A.—We did.

Q.—You were on foot, were you?

A.—Yes, we walked.

Q.—When you first came to the bungalow what happened, if anything?

A.—Went on inside and closed the doors, and the first thing my father said he had to go to tell me; he wanted to see if there was no one there in the house before he left so he had to search the house, which he did. I went through that small cubby hole that went through the ceiling overhead, he boosted me up to look through the trap door in the attic. And then I went down into the cellar with some matches and lit them and looked all around in there, and no one was in there, and then he sent me out to the barn. I went out to the barn and to the henhouse and looked all through there and there was no one in them and I came back. While I was out father started the fire in the stove.

Q.—What did you do then if you recall?

A.—Just as I came in the door he had the alarm clock in his hands. It was ringing and he was winding it or setting it. I don't remember what, and just as I came over he told me what he had to tell me.

Q.—What did he say to you?

A.—He said, "Now, I will set this alarm," and he said when that alarm goes off we will go down and burn Ball out, burn the building up we found two bags there full of shavings, kindlings, something like that, and some fine chips, and after we got there father took this kerosene can and poured it over these two bags, and it kind of soaked down below the sticks in between them, and he told me to carry one of them and one of them he carried.

Q.—Then where did you go?

A.—Then we continued down across a corn field and we came down over that hill. There is a roadway goes from that old ferry road toward the railroad track and we followed that path to the ferry road and went over that and across the bridge.

Q.—After you came out on the ferry road and went to the bridge, where did you go?

A.—We went north on the ferry road, across the bridge, until we came opposite the gate entrance to the Ball property, and we stopped there on the opposite side of the road from the property and laid the bags down. My father had the shotgun in his arms and he took the rifle at the time he set the stuff down and laid it up against him and he told me to go up to that gate and see if it was locked and open it.

Q.—Did you do it?

A.—I went over to the gate and it was tied. It wasn't locked, but it had a piece of wire around it. I got it in my hands and I tried to get it undone, and it made a little scraping noise, and I heard father kind of do like that. I looked over and he called to me and I went over to him and he said, "Don't make such a noise. Do it without any noise." I went back and I went opening it and got it unwired and threw the gate open and came back. Father told me to take one of the bags of shavings and place it at the front door; that's the door facing the ferry road. Then I came back and he told me to take this other bag and go around to the other side of the house and put it down by the door facing the Eagarin property, and I did that. Then I came back and father he passed me the rifle and he said to me, "Now, we will go and touch them off." He gave me a handful of matches and he said, "In case they don't touch off don't light one match, light several of them; take a small handful and scratch them all at once and then we will go round back of the house and touch them off there, and when they come out they will probably come out of that door facing me."

Q.—As a matter of fact, who was it lit the bags of shavings?

A.—Father did.

Q.—After he had lit those two bags of shavings, what did you do?

A.—We went around the house on the south side toward the woods and came around on the other and opposite the ferry road, and father instructed me in case he didn't get them all, or anything turned out that they should get him, he wanted me to stay on the knoll to get them if he didn't get them, and then to run home.

Q.—Then after those bags were lighted you and your father came around the north side of the shack?

A.—Yes, sir, around there.

Q.—Now where did your father go at the time you took up your position at the point at the southwest corner of the shack?

A.—He came around the same way, right down to the corner of this shack.

Q.—Could you see whether there was a door in the shack on that side?

A.—Yes, sir, I could see the door; when I got where I could see the door, I saw the door when it was thrown open.

Q.—About how far was your father from that door, could you say?

A.—I should not think it was more than possibly five feet, four or five feet. He was right at the corner and the door was not very far from the corner.

Q.—Then what happened?

A.—Well, just then I heard a scream and I took it to be a woman. I suppose she saw or realized what was happening.—

THE COURT—Never mind that.

Q.—But you think it was a woman's voice?

A.—Screaming just as loud as she could.

Q.—Then what happened after that?

A.—Then I heard a shot fired and looked down, and I saw the door just swing thrown open just as the shot was fired. Then the next thing I saw was a man came out. Mr Ball came out of the door and walked down around this way, and when he came out I heard another shot fired just as the woman started screaming and she tumbled down over this embankment by this little path about four or five feet from the house. She went over that embankment into a little clump of bushes down there and she was not there but a very short while before I heard another shot fired and I saw Mr Ball boy and he fell right down in front of the house on the pathway. Just about the time he fell Mr. Ball came back; he had gone around the corner. He came back almost to the door and I heard another shot fired and he fell down backwards.

Q.—Could you see who was firing those shots from where you were?

A.—After the first and second shots I saw my father there—I know he was firing all right.

Q.—You saw Mr. Ball, you say, turn and come back again?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And your father fired at him?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Then what happened after that?

A.—Then Mrs. Ball was screaming down there. She had fallen down and was caught by the bushes. She didn't go all the way down the embankment. The boy was down in front of the house and he started to raise up. He was lying on his stomach or face and he started to raise himself, and in his left hand he had a revolver this way, and I thought he was going to shoot my father. Then when he started to rise my father kind of stepped up the side of the bank and I think he saw it, and before I got up to him he dropped the gun and lay down, too.

Q.—So your father dropped the gun then?

A.—Well, he put it down beside of him. Then as the boy tried to raise himself up I could see he had the pistol in his hand, and then I fired and I re-loaded and fired again. Just then my father came up and he was re-loading the gun. The boy wasn't still. He was kind of moving around and he raised himself up. My father stepped on him as he moved up on his shoulders and he stuck the muzzle of the gun right down on him and shot him through the shoulders. The woman was still screaming down back there in these bushes.

Q.—The women was still screaming in those bushes?

A.—Yes, toward the brook there, and he moved down there, stepped down close to Mrs. Ball and I heard another shot fired, and that instant she stopped her screaming. My father beckoned to me and he spoke low and he told me to come down there. I was at the corner of the house and he told me to lay my rifle down there. He laid the shot gun down and he said: "We have got to get these bodies into the house." He had hold of Mr. Ball. He passed right alongside of the old gentleman Ball and he put his foot down on the body and fired. Then we took hold of the people, took hold of one and then took hold of the other and dragged the bodies in there and closed the door.

Q.—Through the open door?

A.—Yes, the door was open. The door had been opened. And then as soon as we dragged them in we came back and the woman was kind of tumbled over those bushes. My father went around and we both took hold of her and dragged her in the same door and she laid side of the man. Then we went back. We pulled him in the cellar so his head got clear of the door and dropped him. Then we went back and got the woman and pulled her in. Father got ahold of her. I can't remember whether he got her by the feet or not, and then we took the boy in and dragged him in free of the door, walked in over the other two. I think we walked over the other two. They were lying side by side I think. We had the door clear of the body. I had put the rifle on the little knoll at the corner of the shack. Then we went up over the hill across the cemetery and started for home.

Q.—After you started for home was there anything said between you and your father, and if so, what?

A.—Not right away no; not at the time. But as we were going over this hill he turned and looked back, and as he did he spoke and he said, "That fire is burning fine. It is pretty."

Q.—Was anything else said along the road as you walked home?

A.—My father said to me in case anyone was on the road, anyone came along in a machine to jump in the bushes, so no one could see us, and then we continued on the main road, and just before we got to our house I hollered to my mother. We never carried a key with us. I didn't have to holler but once, as mother came right down and opened the door and just as she did so father passed the woman to me and he said take the shotgun and the rifle down to the henhouse. We always kept them in the henhouse in a little apartment there. We had always kept the guns in there, so I did so. After I did that, in walking from there I came to the house, but I didn't go around to the front door. I came up the back way and our cellar door was open. There are several steps that goes down a trapdoor, and I came down in there and I saw a light in there before I stepped down into the cellar. Then I opened the cellar door, and in closing it, door I saw father had a basin of water down there and he was washing his hands, and he said, "If there is any blood or anything on your hands wash them off." I saw him scraping and scratching with his fingers. He was there still washing them. Then I went up out of the cellar and went to bed upstairs.

Q.—Did your father wash his hands before you went upstairs?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Was there any conversation between your father and you as you went through the woods on the way from the scene of the fire?

A.—Well, we went across the main road and came on the hill a little west, a short cut that way from the main road, and father stopped, and as he did so I also stopped. He had a small bottle, it was a

(Continued on Next Page)

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Shoot Down Our Disagreeable Neighbors

Julius Schutte of Entire Family of They Rushed Out

"As the flames leaped up and awakened the sleeping family, Mrs. Ball screamed and rushed out of the front door. Schutte fired and the poor woman rolled over into the bushes, screaming. Her son, Joe, then came out and Schutte dropped him with a shot. Next came Mr. Ball, and another shot from Schutte's gun snuffed out the life of the old man. The boy continued to move and Schutte, stepping up to him, fired into the neck and shoulders of young Ball. Mrs. Ball was still moaning and screaming as she writhed in the bushes. Schutte approached and pressing the muzzle of the shotgun close to her writhing form, fired another shot, which silenced her forever."

(Continued from Preceding Page)

pedalis bottle and had one of those screw tops on top. He took this out of his pocket, [illegible] pocket and took a long drink of whiskey from it, then he stuck it back in his pocket again. Then he said to me, "I want you to keep your mouth shut about this, no matter how much I beat you or how much punishment you get; no matter how mad you get at me don't open your mouth about this to 'any other people. Don't tell your mother or brothers or anybody,' and if I did I would get the same as these people had gotten, and when he did that he pointed back toward the fire and I didn't say a word and we went on.

Q.—You say after you had finished washing your hands you went upstairs. Did your father go also?

A.—Well, I think he went up a little ahead of me. When we got up from the cellar we went upstairs in the store and I took my coat and he threw me his coat, and I took them and hung them up where we generally hung them, and I took out the couple of shells that he had in there.

Q.—Did you go to bed?

A.—Yes, we did.

Q.—You went to sleep?

A.—I didn't, no, sir.

Q.—What time did you get up?

A.—Seven o'clock.

Q.—Was your father up at that time?

A.—No, sir, still in bed.

Q.—How soon did you see your father?

A.—I first saw him before I got down stairs, as I was going through the hall and went by the room he called to me. He called me into the room and he asked me if I had any sleep and I said no. He said, "You didn't sleep?" and I said, "No, I didn't close my eyes," and he called me over to the bed and he said, "You don't want to mind a little thing like that," and he smiled and he said, "I don't want you to go down and see my coat, and if there are any blood spots on the sleeve or anything clean it off." He said there were discharged shells in his pocket and he wanted me to take them out of his pocket and put them in the henhouse where we always kept them on the shelf. I went downstairs and went to the kitchen, and my mother was up, and I think my brother William and a couple of my brothers, and I got the coat; it was some kind of a heavy corduroy stuff, rain color, father's coat; and I took the coat and put it down in the henhouse. I didn't look at it until I got down there, and I took the discharged shells in the right pocket and loaded shells in the left-hand pocket. I took them out and put them on the shelf where we used to keep them and I saw several spots of blood across the sleeve. The sleeve was crusted up, it stuck to the corduroy, so I tried to get it off, and then I went back to the house.

Q.—Did you look at your own coat to see whether there was any blood on it or not?

A.—No, sir, I don't remember looking at it at all.

Q.—You say you took shells out of your father's pocket, both loaded and unloaded discharged shells?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—What did you do with those?

A.—Put both the loaded and unloaded on the shelf over the door as you go in the henroop.

Q.—After cleaning off your father's coat what happened, if anything?

A.—Just as I came in the kitchen I heard my mother call to my father. He was still upstairs and the door was open between the store and the kitchen. Two times she called out to him that there was some one to see him, that Mr. Zazarin was down there looking that the Ball house was burned up and all the people there were burned with it. I went up to tell my father and he said he didn't want to come down; he wanted to sleep, he didn't feel well. He went to sleep and he didn't come down stairs at that time.

Q.—Do you recall anything else your father did that morning?

A.—Well, not right then. We were out in the kitchen and we were eating breakfast, my mother, my brothers and myself, and we heard the telephone ring. It rang three, which was Lawyer Tyler's call in Tylerville, and my father came downstairs as he heard it ring up there. He came down in his stocking feet and listened in.

Q.—Did your father say anything at that time?

A.—No, sir, and he repeated that about four times. Every time the telephone bell would ring calling Mr. Tyler he came down and listened in and went back upstairs. He hadn't any shoes on at all—crept up and down in his stocking feet.

Q.—He didn't say anything on any of these occasions when he listened in at the telephone?

A.—No, sir, not until toward afternoon. As I happened to pass him in the store and there was no one in there he said, "Well, they have come to the conclusion that the bodies were suffocated in the fire. They don't suspect anything wrong."

Q.—Did he give you any instructions about what to do?

A.—I was going to Tylerville that afternoon to see a party by the name of Decker, and he told me on the way down there—William, my brother, was going with me—and he said, "When you get opposite the cemetery tell William, out of curiosity to get out and go over to the remains of the fire, to go across the path and down to the Ball shack where it had been, and see who is around there and hear what was said if there was any one around there, to see what was going on," and he told me after he left there to go up the back road to the house. He said that the alarm clock hadn't been changed, the time it was supposed to go off, and he said, "Change it, so if anyone happens to go in there and see the clock they wouldn't suspect anything." To turn it around to about 7 or 8 o'clock, I think, to look out there was no one around there up the hill by the house, to just give the clock a turn. We came back and took the team. We went over across the property and came out on the main road to the barn.

Q.—You testified earlier in the morning that as you were going through the woods your father had told you that if you ever told about that the same thing would happen to you as happened to these people which were in the Ball place. When was the first time you first told about this thing?

A.—Well, I don't know for sure, to remember the date, but I think the first time I told it was to my brother Walter, my oldest brother. He was the first one I told it to. I didn't tell it in detail, but I told him I knew the charge against my father and I was going to put [illegible] I can't say for sure, but I [illegible] 17th of May of this last year.

On cross-examination at the hands of Lawyer Carlson the astute counsel for accused murderer, the witness was confronted with some further detail the story of the fire, the sudden awakening of Mrs. Ball by her screams, the rush through the door to gain safety from the flames and the bang bang, bang of his father's shotgun as he dropped them one by one.

After some preliminary questioning Lawyer Carlson brought the witness to the moment of the tragedy.

QUESTION BY LAWYER CARLSON—And your father stationed himself there in front of the door?

ANSWER BY JULIUS SCHUTTE—Yes; not in front of the door, but over there to the side of the door.

QUESTION—How far away were you? ANSWER—I was about probably 20 to 25 feet; about 20 feet I think it was southwest of the house.

Q.—You laid your rifle down, didn't you?

A.—I think I had it in my hand.

Q.—Ready to shoot with it?

A.—I was. I held it in my hand ready to shoot.

Q.—If your father couldn't kill them you were going to kill them isn't that about the size of it?

A.—Well, that was my instructions.

Q.—Now, how [illegible] there before you heard [illegible]

A.—I happened to turn away when I heard Mrs. Ball screaming.

Q.—What was the cause of the screaming?

A.—I guess the woman had [illegible] suddenly been awakened by the fire.

Q.—And that was the last thing?

A.—The last thing I heard, although there was a shaft inside. I took it that the door was probably chained and they were trying to move it.

Q.—The door was opened?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And the old man Ball came out?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Running out?

A.—No, not running; he walked along, pretty fast.

Q.—Was a shot fired before he came out?

A.—The shot was fired just as he came out. The shot was fired and then I saw him run around the side of the house, and then he ran back.

Q.—The question is, did you see the first shot fired before he went around the side of the house or afterward?

A.—Fired before he was in sight of me; hadn't seen him when the first shot was fired.

Q.—You heard the rattling of the door and you were right where you could see the door?

A.—I couldn't see it real plain; it was dark on that side of the house.

Q.—How far away did you stand?

A.—Quite a ways up on the knoll.

Q.—And the door was right in plain sight [illegible] right out in the darkness?

A.—Yes.

Q.—[illegible] on the door opened you could see [illegible] fall when he came right out?

A.—[illegible] him just as he came out of the [illegible] he ran around the side of [illegible]

Q.—My question is now, was that shot fired before he came out?

A.—Before he came in sight of me, I believe; he may have been outside of the doorway.

Q.—There was a blaze from the gun as the shot was fired was there not?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—In which direction was that shot fired?

A.—I didn't notice about that, but I suppose right at the doorway.

Q.—Well, Ball ran to the corner of the house, didn't he?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Now how long had he been gone round the corner of the house before you saw him again?

A.—It was [illegible] very short time.

Q.—Well, while he was around there and while you were at the corner, did any one else come out of the house?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Who came out next?

A.—[illegible]

Q.—After [illegible] came out Ball was out [illegible]

A.—Yes.

Q.—What [illegible] was a shot fired at you?

A.—No.

Q.—Was [illegible] that shot at her?

A.—[illegible]

Q.—[illegible] fall?

A.—[illegible] kind of went down [illegible] down into the bushes. There was a lot of small shrubbery.

Q.—She was not shot right as she came [illegible]?

A.—[illegible] over the bank town [illegible] coming down over that [illegible]

Q.—[illegible] go over the bank did she [illegible]?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If she had gone over the bank she would have [illegible] down the ravine?

A.—No, there are some bushes and [illegible] and there on the bank, and she went [illegible] the bushes.

Q.—You [illegible] notice whether the man Ball had any [illegible] on him?

A.—Yes, he [illegible] clothing on.

Q.—What [illegible]?

A.—I don't remember about that now.

Q.—Did he have pants on?

A.—I think he had. As I saw him as he stood in the door.

Q.—Did you notice that when he came out of the building?

A.—No.

Q.—When you picked him up, when you dragged him off did he have a shirt on?

A.—I don't remember.

Q.—But he have a coat on?

A.—Seems as if he had. It looked as if he was all clothed from his neck to his feet.

Q.—Did he have a pistol in his hand?

A.—I didn't see any.

Q.—What was the next thing that happened?

A.—The boy came out of the door and just turned facing the roadway, and he didn't much more than got turned when he was fired at.

Q.—Who fired the shot at him you don't know?

A.—Yes.

Q.—He was shot through the back?

A.—I think so.

Q.—And he fell?

A.—Yes.

Q.—By that time Ball had come back?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Now where did the boy fall?

A.—The boy fell right on his stomach, on an [illegible], about half way behind the house toward the road.

Q.—Right in the open space there?

A.—Yes.

Q.—[illegible] little path?

A.—Yes.

Q.—That leads up from the road to the back door of the shack?

A.—Not exactly on the path; he was around on the right side.

Emil Schutte, the Accused Wholesale Murderer.

Q.—Right near there?

A.—Yes.

Q.—On the grass ground?

A.—Yes.

Q.—He didn't go down in the bushes?

A.—No.

Q.—Now, when the father came [illegible] did he have to run over the [illegible] and [illegible]?

A.—No, sir. There was that whole [illegible] He didn't have to go over the boy.

Q.—And the father was shot [illegible]

A.—[illegible]

Q.—How did he fall?

A.—[illegible] forward with [illegible] on [illegible]

Q.—[illegible] When you [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] boy?

A.—[illegible] but toward [illegible] her [illegible]

Q.—[illegible] to go by the boy?

A.—[illegible]

Q.—[illegible] fall?

A.—Yes.

Q.—You didn't notice, of course, as [illegible] tell where he was shot at that particular time?

A.—No.

Q.—But he was shot?

A.—Yes.

Q.—He fell, and that was the last you heard from him?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Then Schutte [illegible] fired into the neck and shoulders of young Ball? And that was the last you heard of him?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And then your father went to the writhing screaming form of Mrs. Ball in the bushes and fired a shot into her?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And then all was silence?

A.—Yes.

What a sombre picture of cold-blooded slaughter! Even a motion-picture audience would [illegible] their heads at such a scene as being rather too crude and unlikely—and yet this is exactly what young Schutte swears transpired in the early morning hours on that cold December day in the stillness of the dawn.

And the jury believed Julius Schutte's story, for they convicted his father of the wholesale murder of his unfortunate neighbors.

Mrs. Emil Schutte, Wife of the Accused Murderer, Whose Life Was Also Threatened by Schutte.

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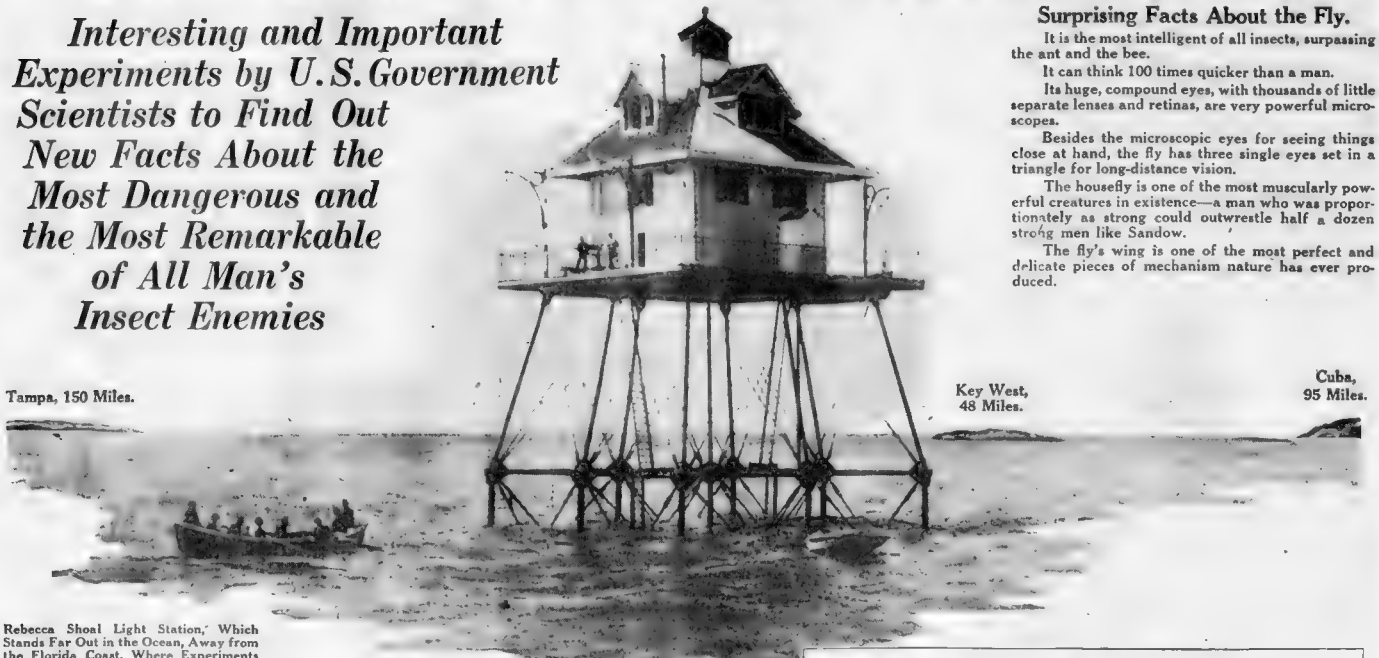
How Many Miles Can a House-Fly Fly?

Interesting and Important Experiments by U. S. Government Scientists to Find Out New Facts About the Most Dangerous and the Most Remarkable of All Man's Insect Enemies



Rebecca Shoal Light Station, Which Stands Far Out in the Ocean, Away from the Florida Coast, Where Experiments with Flies Have Been Carried On.

HOW far will a housefly fly from the place where it was hatched? And how fast can it travel?

These are questions which the Government Bureau of Entomology has been trying to solve by some very interesting experiments conducted in the neighborhood of Fort Worth, Texas. They have an important bearing upon the distribution of diseases, such as typhoid fever and tuberculosis, which the housefly carries.

The experts caught in traps great numbers of flies, painted them red, let them go and set "recovery traps" at various distances from the place where they were liberated, to find out how far and how fast they would travel.

In a series of such tests 234,000 flies were liberated—houseflies, blowflies, table flies and screwworm flies all of which are economically injurious species, communicating diseases to man or domestic animals. The longest journey moved for the houseflies was over thirteen miles. Some of them covered six miles in less than twenty four hours.

Most important of all these tests for the housefly's flying power. That insect is recognized today as the most dangerous of all the enemies of mankind. Just for one item, it is responsible for half the deaths from typhoid, and the filth germs it carries (say the metropolitan health authorities) destroy the lives of 5,000 children in New York every year as victims of Summer diarrhoea and other intestinal complaints.

The housefly is the cleverest of insects, its intelligence far surpassing that of the ant and the bee.

It can think 100 times quicker than a man. If you want evidence of that, observe the lightning-like promptness with which it dodges a blow of your hand.

Its huge compound eyes, each comprising thousands of little eyes provided with distinct and separate lenses and retinas, are magnifiers for seeing microscopic objects close at hand. Above and between these, on top of its head, are three single eyes, set in a triangle, for long-distance vision.

Gifted with a marvellous activity, the housefly is one of the most powerful animals we know, muscularly.

Its sense of smell is wonderfully keen. Odors of cooking are what fetches it into our houses, seeking food.

A housefly is always seeking two things—food and a suitable place to breed. For the latter purpose it requires filth of some sort. It feeds on nastiness, when handy—sputum, for example. Thus it is a carrier of filth germs, which it brings to our tables and introduces into the babies' milk.

The only way to get rid of flies is to render filth inaccessible to them, they cannot breed without it. Hence the importance of locating and dealing with the unpleasant sources of fly supply. In order to undertake this work successfully it is very desirable to know how far the pest can fly—a point which has an obvious bearing upon determination of the area over which the work must be extended in any given neighborhood in order to insure satisfactory results.

Hence, then, the experimental inquiry recently undertaken in Texas.

The method adopted was to bait large conical fly-traps with "gut slime," obtained from packing houses. All the flies taken were captured in packing houses at Fort Worth and Dallas. From the traps they were transferred to cylinders of wire net, and into each cylinder was put a couple of ounces of finely powdered red chalk. Then the cylinder was thrust into a canvas bag and inverted several times, the result being that all of the imprisoned insects were well sprinkled with the powder. when, later on, they were liberated in an open field most of them showed a brilliant scarlet color.

The next thing was to capture again many of them as possible, and for this purpose "recovery traps" were set at various distances, up to ten miles, from the point of liberation. They were baited with the same stuff, so appetizing to flies, "gut slime," and, of course, were distributed radially toward all points of the compass.

As might be expected, a great majority of the flies caught were strangers and showed no sign of red paint. All of those captured were killed at daily intervals and the colored ones picked out. Doubtful specimens were examined for specks of red chalk with a microscope, and in each case the species and sex determined.

Thus was made what the experts called a "dispersion test," the object in view, as already explained, being to find out how far the flies flew from the point of liberation and their approximate rate of travel. To secure all possible data, dozens of such tests were made from time to time, with a different liberation centre on each occasion.

As regards the housefly, one conclusion reached was that it tends to skip about from one attractive place to another, rather than undertake long-sustained flights. Nevertheless, it has a marked migratory inclination, and so may travel far. It exhibits no "homing" impulse under any circumstances—no tendency, that is to say, to return to the place where it was hatched. On the contrary, it seems to be born with a "wanderlust."

The creature is a marvel. A man who was industrious as strong as a housefly, relatively to size could outwrestle half a dozen men like Sandow in his prime.

The housefly, of course, has no bones, it doesn't need any. Instead, it possesses a sort of skeleton which is made of a horny substance called "chitine," and to this framework its muscles are attached. Hinged to the framework in question by inconceivably complex joints are its wings, each of which is an arrangement of hollow tubes with a strong double membrane stretched over them.

If you will examine the wing of a fly you will see how beautiful and how admirably adapted for its purpose is this structure. What you would call the "veins" of the wing are the tubes above referred to. The double membrane inclosing them is a fabric of wonderful delicacy, and the whole apparatus is plainly designed to combine strength with lightness.

The wing-joint is an exquisite piece of mechanism. One of its parts, acting like a lever, serves to raise and lower the wing. A second part strengthens the joint in a vertical direction, and a third part acts as a buffer, softening the shock at the end of each downward stroke. Thus there is avoidance of jerks, and the flight of the insect is rendered smooth and even.

The hollow tubes give rigidity to the wings, which are operated by tremendously powerful muscles, the arrangement of which is highly complex. Some of these muscles move the wings downward, others lift them on the up-stroke, while yet others attend to the business of steering. In addition, there are muscles that draw the wings back from the position of flight to that of rest, and others still which bend the wings into warped shape in order that they may strike the air more effectively. The fly's wings do not move straight up and down, but the tip of each of them pursues a path resembling the figure 8.

The downward strokes are exceedingly forcible, giving an upward impulse strong enough to overcome the pull of gravity, and thus to uphold the insect's weight. Its wings move up much slower than down, and during the upstrokes they become gliding surfaces, shifting horizontally forward, and then upward and backward. Hence during the upward movement they offer little opposition to the air.

The fly's forward travel is accomplished almost entirely by the force that pulls the insect toward the earth, its muscular power being exerted mainly for the purpose of mere suspension in the air. If it wishes to turn to right or left it throws one wing back and the other forward, helped by the steering muscles which incidentally warp the wings.

As might well be imagined, all of this intimate knowledge of the housefly's anatomy and mechanism of flight has not been acquired without a vast deal of study. Specimens have been taken to pieces, of which photomicrographs have been made, with enormous magnification. This work has been supplemented by photographing the living insect in flight, the picture being taken at the rate of twenty to each flap of its wings. They were made in bright sunlight, with exposures of 1-42,000th of a second and intervals of 1-2,150th of a second.

There is still a school of thought in aviation matters which contends that eventually the most efficient flying machines will be operated on the flapping principle, rather than in imitation of the soaring bird. If there be anything in this idea a study of the housefly's flight mechanism ought to yield useful hints.

An able-bodied housefly (according to the observation of the principle expert) flaps its wings 800 times a per second. Its ordinary rate of travel is about twenty-five feet a second, but when alarmed it can attain a speed of 400 feet a second—equivalent to a mile in 13 seconds, or about 110 miles an hour. That equals the gait of an exceptionally fast airplane.

A woman scientist, by the way, not long ago, painted the eyes of a number of flies, to blind them, her object being to see what they would do. She used for the purpose a green stain mixed with shellac and dissolved in alcohol, applying it with a tiny camel's-hair brush. The insects treated with this opaque eye-varnish seemed very uncomfortable, and spent much time trying to rub it off; but it did not interfere seriously with their getting about and seeking food, their acute sense of smell being an adequate reliance.

The tests near Fort Worth proved that a housefly, without exerting himself presumably, could travel over six miles in less than twenty four hours. Maximum distances of fly travel noted were not believed to represent utmost possibilities by any means. Observations made not long ago at Rebecca Light Shoal, off the Florida coast, seemed to show that flies came down the wind to that point from Marquesas Keys, twenty-four miles; from Key West, forty-six miles, and even from Cuba, ninety-five miles distant.

Results obtained from the tests herein described appear (say the experts) to emphasize the importance of a general application of sanitary measures over wide areas to prevent fly-breeding.

Here is an insect incomparably more dangerous to the public health than the mosquito. In addition to typhoid and tuberculosis, it carries smallpox, anthrax and traumatic erysipelas, which last is practically the same disease as childbed fever and commonly fatal.

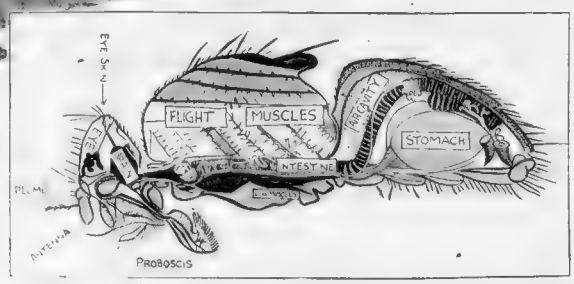
Why are "Summer complaint" and other intestinal maladies of children prevalent during the warm season rather than at other times of the year? Simply because Summer time is fly time.

Why do doctors speak of the regular "Autumn rise" in the typhoid death rate? Because houseflies are most abundant in August, and that disease, acquired in late Summer through fly-infection, takes about six weeks to "incubate" before the symptoms appear.

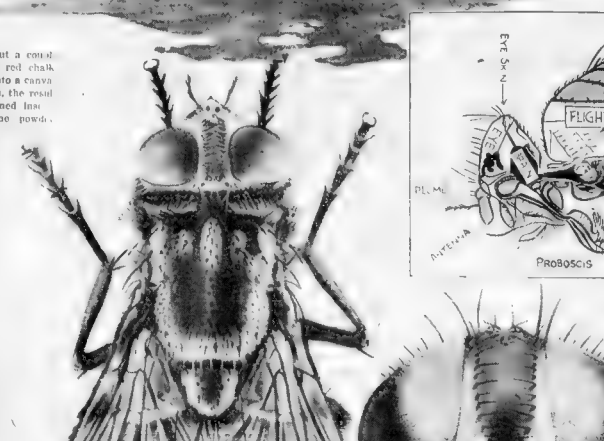
So indifferent are we to this deadly menace that in our cities and towns we regularly maintain incubators for the hatching and rearing of flies on a whole sale scale. These incubators are stables in which horses are kept. It is estimated by the Bureau of Entomology that 95 per cent of all the houseflies in cities are bred in stables. One horse in a dirty stable will supply a whole neighborhood with flies throughout a Summer.

But go to any market and observe how the flies swarm there. It is because there are so many horses about; the insects breed in their droppings. It is an object lesson in the intimacy of the relation between the housefly and the equine animal. But if the neighborhoods of markets were kept clean, particularly any stables in the vicinity, there would be no flies.

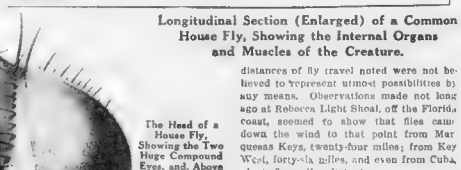
If proper and simple measures were adopted and enforced on an extensive scale any city could get rid of its fly nuisance entirely within a few years. From year to year they would become fewer and fewer, until after a while there would be none at all to bother us and spread diseases among our population.



Longitudinal Section (Enlarged) of a Common House Fly, Showing the Internal Organs and Muscles of the Creature.



Enlarged Microphotograph of a House Fly. Notice the Remarkable Wings Made of a Delicate Diaphanous Membrane Stretched Over a a Rigid Framework of Tubes.



The Head of a House Fly, Showing the Two Huge Compound Eyes, and, Above Them, the Three "Ocelli" for Distant Vision. This Fly Has No Organs for Biting, but Only a Snout Terminating in a Sucker.

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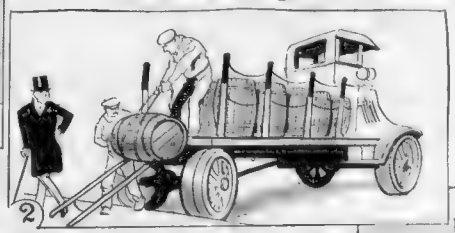
The Tragedy of Mr. Leiter and His Wine Cellar

Mystery of How They Looted the Washington Millionaire's Forty-Foot Wine Cellar of Reinforced Concrete with Burglar Alarm and 3-Inch Armor-Steel Door, and Carted Away $300,000 Worth of Liquid Treasures

1—"Um-m-m! Excellent. You May Send Me a Thousand Cases of This Whiskey"



2—It Was a Very Pleasant Spectacle for Mr. Leiter as Truckload After Truckload Arrived at His Town Residence in Dupont Circle, Washington, Where the Wines and Liquors Were Delivered

3—But There Was Not Room in His City Residence to Properly Stow It All, so Mr. Leiter Constructed a Generously Big Wine Cellar in His Country Home on the Banks of the Potomac, Where the Liquid Treasures Would Be Safe Forever, Guarded by Reinforced Concrete Walls and a Three-Inch Manganese Steel Burglar-Proof Door

Mrs. Joseph B. Leiter

THE saddest multi-millionaire in the United States today is Mr. Joseph Leiter, of Washington. He has suffered a loss which is beyond repair. He is the victim of a great tragedy.

Mr. Leiter dwells in one of Washington's proudest palaces, a white brick mansion with a noble portico on Dupont Circle. With a beautiful wife, unlimited money to spend and nothing to do but amuse himself, one might imagine that he would be happy.

So he was, until the other day. But since then a frightful, an irremediable misfortune has befallen him. He has been robbed of his stock of booteh!

And such a stock! Three hundred thousand dollars' worth none at one fell crash. A gang of enterprising bandits broke into the strongroom wherein the stuff was stored, and carried off the whole of it in motor-trucks.

A misfortune? It was a catastrophe.

When the cloud of approaching prohibition appeared on the horizon a couple of years ago, Mr. Leiter took counsel with himself. The menace so frightening to the many, gave him no alarm. All he need do was to lay in a sufficient store of wet goods to last him the rest of his life, and the dry law could go hang. And he had the money to do it.

Mr. Leiter took a long look ahead. He was then fifty years old. How much stuff would he need to see him through, supposing that he lived to be ninety?

He figured it out carefully—not only for what would be required for his own personal consumption but to include all reasonable future demands upon his hospitality. The Leiters do a good deal of entertaining. When prohibition should arrive, a handsomely stocked cellar would be a social asset of importance.

The problem confronting him was in a way like that considered by Father Noah before the Deluge—inverted, however; for a great drought was in prospect, whereas Noah was obliged to provide against a flood. Noah's outlook was in one respect much less serious, inasmuch as he had to prepare for a flood of only forty days, whereas the drought ahead of Mr. Leiter might last forty years, if he lived that long.

How much would be necessary—that was the question. What kinds of drinkables, and how much of each? Wines, of course, in quantity. But in a real alcoholic drought the stuff most needed was bound to be substantials—whiskey and other spirits; in other words, straight booze.

Mr. Leiter spent many a wakeful hour at night thinking the problem out. He decided to cut down his first figures for champagne and other wines, and to put most of the money into real booteh. At least half of the sum he had decided to spend must go for whiskey.

He put a list of the fluids he wanted in the hands of his liquor dealer. Buying in great quantities, he was able to get liquors and wines of the best brands for less than one-tenth of present bootlegging prices.

All of the stuff was sent up to the house on Dupont Circle and stored there in the spacious cellars. Up to a few months ago it remained there. But it was becoming more and more difficult to hide and Mrs. Leiter suggested to her husband a fear lest the family resources might be hurtfully taxed to get at the hoard. The idea seemed undeniable and Mr. Leiter admitted it particularly likely that robbers might invade the premises at some time when the family was out of town.

Accordingly, he made up his mind to remove the entire stock to a country home in Virginia, a few miles from Washington, near the Potomac and about three miles from the Leesburg pike. Here he had a more spacious cellar where the precious liquids could be stored, catalogued and made as easily accessible as books on library shelves.

Before taking this step, he ordered and personally superintended the construction, in the basement of the Virginia house, of a strongroom which (for liquor storage) was probably the most remarkable in the United States.

It was forty feet long and forty feet wide, the ceiling nine feet high. Built of reinforced concrete, its walls, two feet thick, were lined on three sides with bins and racks for liquor and wine bottles. It had no windows, and the only entrance was through a door of tough manganese steel, such as is used for battleships—a door like that of a safe-deposit vault, which communicated with the interior of the house.

The room was lined with white tiles, behind which electrodes turned on by a switch close by the door, so as to be convenient on entering, and made further proof against burglars by an alarm connected with wires which ran all around the interior. If a breach were made in the walls, the alarm must inevitably be set off.

In this huge strongroom Mr. Leiter's stock of wet goods was put away and catalogued in accordance with plans carefully made in advance. It was necessary to store the stuff in scientific fashion, in order that any of it that might be wanted should at all times be readily accessible.

The whiskey barrels were stood together, two high, toward the end of the room where there were no wall-bins or bottle-racks. The cases of spirituous liquors were piled eight high, separately according to kind. The bottles of liquours were stowed in the bins (resembling magnified pigeonholes), and the bottles of wine were placed in the racks along the walls, each one filled with its neck downward—this point, as every connoisseur knows, being of absolute importance for preserving the quality of the contents.

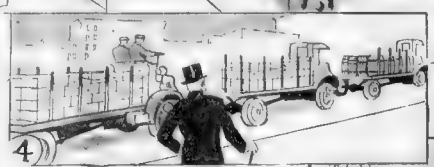
The size of the strongroom could not be determined until careful reckoning had been made of the space required to contain the stock of bootch and fluid etceteras, with due allowance provided for passageways among the barrels and stacked cases.

Accommodation was needed for seventy-five barrels of whiskey, 1,000 cases of whiskey, 200 cases of Old Tom gin, forty cases of Jamaica rum, 400 cases of three-star Hennessy brandy, 200 cases of extra-dry champagne, 300 cases of other wines, 120 cases of liqueurs and fifty cases of vermouth.

3

5

5—And Then, in Spite of All His Trouble, Expense, and Resourcefulness, Somebody Lured Away the Watchmen, Cut a Hole in His "Burglar-Proof" Steel Door and Cleaned Out Every Bottle and Barrel and Jug of All That Liquor Except a Few Cases of Beer



4—With No Little Satisfaction at His Forethought, Mr. Leiter Watched the Long Line of Trucks Transfer the Endless Barrels and Kegs and Jugs and Demijohns and Cases and Crates of Liquor from His Town House to the New Burglar-Proof Wine Cellar in His Country Home

Advance study of the booze-supply problem had convinced Mr. Leiter that, while it would be advantageous to have a reserve stock of whiskey in barrels, it was best to keep the bulk of his alcoholic fluids in glass—i. e., in bottles—for the sake of accessibility.

The store of rum was needed for punch. The gin and vermouth were required for the justly-popular Martini cocktails. The liqueurs included curacoa, absinthe, chartreuse, creme de menthe, and benedictine.

In figuring out the space required, it was reckoned that the seventy-five whiskey barrels, piled two high, would occupy about 115 square feet of floor space. The 1,000 cases of real booze—whiskey, gin, brandy and rum—would take up 615 square feet, if stacked in tiers of eight. Allowing for total booze 730 square feet, another 730 square feet would suffice to accommodate the rest of the stock, while provision for passageways [illegible] 1,600 square feet.

To grant a margin of safety, making sure of convenience, it was decided to build the room forty by forty feet, allowing 1,600 square feet of floor space—the bins and racks along three of the sides necessarily taking up a considerable total area.

A barrel of whiskey is equivalent to thirteen cases of a dozen full quarts each. Bartenders, when such persons existed, were accustomed to reckon seventeen drinks to a quart. Some of their patrons took snorters, while others were satisfied with sniffers, but that was an average. It may be seen from that a barrel of this kind of hard liquor represents approximately 2[illegible]. The seventy-five barrels stored by Mr. Leiter contained 19,900 drinks of whiskey.

Of additional whiskey, in bottles, he had 1,000 cases—i. e., 12,000 full quarts, representing 204,000 drinks. He was thus the happy possessor of a total of 402,900 drinks of whiskey.

His stock of three-star Hennessy brandy was 400 cases of twelve quarts each. Brandy is powerful stuff; hence drinks of it are customarily smaller. Commonly it is served in tiny glasses called "ponies." Reckon thirty drinks to a quart, and you will see that Mr. Leiter's 4,800 quarts represented 144,000 fair swigs of brandy.

Of gin this fortunate millionaire had 200 cases, or 2,400 quarts. It was needed for cocktails, as already explained. Supposing that one quart would provide for twenty-five of those delectable appetizers, with proper admixture of vermouth and other ingredients, it appears that Mr. Leiter had on hand the fluid materials requisite for compounding 60,000 cocktails.

He had 480 quarts of rum, the best Jamaica. How much rum punch would that make? It depends on the maker. One must guess that out as best he can.

The stock of liqueurs cached in the Virginia house was 1,100 bottles. Mostly they were not full-sizers. On the other hand, they are such strong stuff that it is customary to serve them in little glasses. Say (fifty) drinks to the bottle, and you have a total of 43,200 drinks of chartreuse, creme de menthe, etc.

As already stated, Mr. Leiter did not invest very heavily in wines—relatively speaking. His strongroom, at the time of the robbery, contained only about 200 cases of champagne and 300 cases of other wines (including port, hock, sherry and madeira), or 6,000 quarts. This was not much, when it is considered that a dozen or more bottles may be drunk at a single dinner party. In fact Mr. Leiter seems to have been rather badly off for wines—only 6,000 quarts.

Summing up what has gone before, it appears that, without counting the wine and rum, Mr. Leiter had in stock a total of over 650,000 drinks.

If Mr. Leiter had himself undertaken to consume unassisted those 650,000 drinks, at a rate of ten drinks a day, they would have lasted him over one hundred and eighty years!

Mr. Leiter was convinced that his liquor vault was impregnable. But, as events have proved it wasn't. On a dark night in October, during the absence of the family, and while the caretaker was away, robbers effected an entrance to the [illegible] and, apparently [illegible] topography of the [illegible] through the three-inch [illegible] acetylene torch [illegible] from a factory in Washington [illegible] carrying the [illegible]

As usual in such instances, there is no trace of the heartless bandits, who presumably have since been engaged in "bootlegging" Mr. Leiter's precious wet goods. It is suggested that [illegible] confidence in the police, he has employed his own private detectives to pursue the despoilers.

Why did not the alarm go off when the robbers were committed? Probably it did but as the robbers had taken the precaution to have the watchman lured away there was nobody at hand to hear it.

Mr. Leiter's Country Home, Just Outside of Washington, on the Banks of the Potomac, Where the Strongly Built Wine Cellar Was Broken Into and Looted

The Face of Mr. Joseph B. Leiter —"Who Stole My Liquor?"

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The Mystery of Jupiter's "Great Red Spot"

Astronomers Watching Eagerly the Mighty Convulsions of the Giant Planet, Suspecting That They May be Observing the Birth of a New Moon

1—How the Great Red Spot Appeared to the Astronomer Dennett in 1879.

2—Progress of the Mysterious Spot on April 15, 1916.

3—Protuberance of the Spot on the Surface of the Planet as It would Appear if Seen in Profile.

4—How the Astronomers Think the Projection Will Shape Itself in a Few Years.

5—When the Mighty Expelling Force Finally Drives the Spot Clear of the Planet's Surface.

6—How the Great Red Spot Will Look When It Takes Its Position as a New Moon of Jupiter.

If You Were Standing on One of Jupiter's Moons the Planet Would Appear as Above to Your Eye, and the Landscape on Jupiter's Nearest Moon Would Be Probably About as Represented by the Artist.

By Isabel M. Lewis,

Connected with the Nautical Almanac Office of the United States Naval Observatory, Washington.

NO [illegible] ystem is so [illegible] through the [illegible] net Jupiter, which is a world [illegible] about as different from our own [illegible] as it is [illegible] it is entirely at [illegible] vapors [illegible] They are probably dense vapors of various elements and their compounds and they pass one another [illegible] per hour, which is several times the velocity of the swiftest tornado that ever swept over the surface of the earth.

Broad belts lying parallel to the planet's equator, alternately white and reddish-brown in color and varying in number from time to time, are the most conspicuous feature of the planet's atmosphere. They also are gaseous vapors and they are drawn parallel to the equator by the rapid spinning of the planet on its axis, which is accomplished in less than ten hours, though its diameter is ten times that of the earth. [illegible] the most prominent [illegible] is the Great Red Spot which first attracted attention forty-odd years ago, when it appeared as a faint pinkish oval at the southern border of the south equatorial belt. It was about seven thousand miles wide and about thirty thousand miles long. A year after its appearance it had deepened to a brick-red, which color it retained for seven or eight years.

It then began to fade to a pale pink once more, as if it were sinking back beneath a cloud of whitish vapors. At present it is not in any way conspicuous in appearance, but it is arousing special interest, for the reason that the theory has been advanced that the Great Red Spot, as it is still called in spite of its faded appearance, is a satellite in process of making, and that it will in time separate from the planet and enter upon an independent existence.

The Great Red Spot is not in any sense a *fixed* marking on the planet. It is slowly drifting through the planet's atmosphere along the south equatorial belt, and it exerts, besides, a repellant action upon all small spots near it, which always turn aside for it and carefully skirt its edges. If it is ever to leave the planet and enter upon an independent existence, some terrific force, either internal or external, must accomplish this result.

There is at present no evidence that any such force is at work within the interior of the huge planet. For a few years after its discovery there were signs that the Great Red Spot was being elevated above surrounding vapors—that is, its rotation period was increasing, as it would under such circumstances—but of later years it seems to be settling back.

To overcome the gravitational attraction of the planet for objects at its surface and hurl an object [illegible] of the planet an initial velocity of *thirty-seven miles per second* would be required. To convert the object into a satellite [illegible] surface would call for an initial velocity of *twenty-six miles per second.* Chaotic as are the conditions in the atmosphere of Jupiter there does not seem to be any evidence that any force so powerful is at work within this planet at the present time, and certainly no exceptionally great external force is acting upon the planet at present.

Granted that there is at work within the planet's interior a force so powerful that it is gradually expelling this object 7,000 miles wide and 30,000 miles long from the surface of the planet, what will be the fate of the newly expelled satellite? It can be shown that under such circumstances, unless the force were sufficiently great to hurl the object to a distance of at least one hundred and ten thousand miles from the centre of the planet, it would in a very short time be torn into fragments by tidal strains set up by the attraction of Jupiter for a mass so close to it [illegible] would be pulverized and distributed about the planet in the form of a ring of [illegible] particles, similar to the Rings of Saturn.

If hurled suddenly to a greater distance than 110,000 miles it would set up most serious disturbances, or "perturbations" as the astronomer would call them, in the present orderly satellite system of Jupiter. All of the orbits of the nine satellites of Jupiter would be changed in form by the presence of the intruder. The largest satellite of Jupiter is about three thousand five hundred miles in diameter, the smallest less than one hundred. The Great Red Spot is seven thousand miles wide and thirty thousand miles long.

We do not know its depth, but it would certainly make a satellite considerably larger than the earth and would far outrank in size any of the present members of Jupiter's family. The mischief it would cause when suddenly launched into the orderly Jovian system would be correspondingly great. The Great Red Spot, so the records show, did not put in its first appearance some forty years ago. It was observed, it seems, at least one hundred years ago [illegible] appearance and disappearance. If it had any [illegible] this would probably have been accomplished ages ago when Jupiter was more in a state of turmoil than it is to-day and when greater internal forces were at work than are in evidence at the present time.

We have the feeling that Jupiter's family is complete and that no further additions will be made to it by internal upheavals caused by any forces residing within the planet itself.

The belief has also been held and is still favored by many astronomers that our own satellite, the moon, formerly was a part of the earth, and that it gradually separated from the earth in the past when the earth was spinning far more rapidly than it is to-day, that the separation took place as a result of this rapid rotation and that the present conditions were brought about as a result of tidal reactions.

There have been found to be very serious objections to this belief, one of them being the one we mentioned above in connection with the Great Red Spot, that even if the satellite separated from the parent mass it would be torn to pieces by tidal strains and distributed about the planet in the form of a ring of small fragments before its gradual withdrawal to a safe distance could be accomplished.

Our own satellite, the moon, unlike Jupiter, is in some ways very similar to our own planet. Astronomers as a rule have emphasized the fact that it is a dead world because it has little if any atmosphere and no water—though it has an abundance of snow and hoar-frost. The fact that it keeps always the same face toward the earth gives it a day equal to fourteen of ours in length and a night equally long.

It is as a result subject to great extremes of temperature. During the long lunar night the temperature must drop to at least one hundred degrees below zero and during the intense heat of the lunar day it must rise—in direct sunlight—nearly to the boiling point. The existence of life on the moon has always been regarded as an impossibility. Certainly in the human form life on the moon is out of the question.

Those who have most carefully studied the lunar surface, however, have frequently expressed their disapproval of the view that the moon is a dead world and the number of those who insist that they have seen abundant evidence of change in lunar markings is increasing. Professor W. H. Pickering, who has probably studied the lunar markings more exhaustively than any other astronomer of to-day, insists that continual change is taking place upon the moon, and more recently has advanced evidence to show that there are signs of a progressive growth of what is apparently some form of vegetation during the lunar day.

Any form of life on the moon would necessarily perish at the coming of the lunar night, its brief period of existence being measured by only fourteen of our days.

Biologists have shown, however, that certain seeds and certain germs of life are not destroyed by intense cold and can resist prolonged temperatures far below zero.

There is no reason why there should not be upon the moon certain forms of life adapted to their peculiar environment [illegible] there are upon the earth; for instance, forms of life existing under the most varied conditions. There are to be found in the depths of the sea organisms that are living under a pressure of several tons to the square inch. If we did not know this was true we would say it was impossible. Biologists have also found that there are certain organisms to which oxygen is poison, a most significant and interesting discovery.

The rarity of the atmosphere on the moon has also been given as sufficient proof that life could not exist there, yet the possibility has always been recognized that close to the surface and within the crevices of the lunar rocks and in depressions of the surface life-supporting gases might exist.

Whatever one may think of the possibilities of life upon the moon, it seems as if we are gradually awakening to the fact that our own satellite is not quite so dead a world as we have been insisting it must be, in the sense that no changes in its surface features ever take place. We may interpret the facts as we please, but those who have devoted the most time to a study of the lunar features, including such careful observers as Elger and Pickering, are agreed that there is continual evidence of change taking place upon the surface of our satellite.

Section of the Surface of Our Much-Scarred Moon, Which Some Astronomers Believe Was Thrown off from Our Earth Just About as, Perhaps, Jupiter Is Now Throwing off a New Moon.

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Was Eve's Fig-leaf Dress Attractive and Artistic?

Following the Bible Narrative a French Dress Designer Experiments with a Fig-Leaf Gown---and, Behold! It Isn't So Very Different from the Fashions of To-Day

How Eve Might Have Gowned Herself With Fig Leaves in the Garden of Eden.

How the French Costumer Decorated and Embellished the Simple Fig Leaf Costume With a Few Hanging Vines and Berries.

And the Finished Result After the Original Simple Fig Leaf Dress Was Trimmed With Vines and Berries and a Little Skirt of Feathers Added.

Another Costumer's Conception of Eve's Fig Leaf Gown With a Modern Skirt and Train Added. Photo by Abbe, New York.

And the eyes of them both (Adam and Eve) were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.—Genesis, Chap. III., vs. 7

IN the words quoted above from the third chapter of Genesis we have the Bible narrative of how and of what the first human habiliments were made. Many and widespread have been the speculations as to just how Mother Eve designed her fig-leaf dress. We have to-day, in various parts of the earth, specimens of native grass dresses, but nowhere is there one made of leaves sewed together.

In a recent London stage production, called "Pins and Needles," at the Gaiety Theatre the plot takes the audience through many scenes of topical and humorous interest. Perhaps the most interesting of these scenes are in "The Chapter of Fashion" as developed from the Garden of Eden fig leaves to the present up-to-date evening gown.

The audience is shown the perplexed but rather interested cogitations of Mother Eve as she shrinks a little bit from her companion, Adam, and looks over the foliage possibilities of the garden for a suggestion for a gown. It is not quite plain why Eve finally reached up and tried on a fig leaf. There were other smoother, shinier, prettier and larger leaves. And, besides, the fig leaf is rather rough, coarse and scratchy.

However, the Bible narrative is very explicit and names without equivocation the fig leaf as the fabric of Eve's first dress.

Mother Eve having finally decided on the fig leaf as the most desirable (whatever her reason was), she then looks about for a needle and thread, which she finds in the form of delicate but quite strong creeping vines, and quite quickly and quite deftly she stitches together the leaves, holding them up to herself from time to time and "fitting" them on. At last the costume is finished, as shown in the first photograph.

At this point the French costumer steps on the stage and surveys Eve and her simple fig-leaf gown with professional eye. He walks about her, studying her figure. The costumer then picks up a few hanging vines and decorates the simple fig-leaf gown with vines and berries, improving the costume somewhat, as shown in the second photograph above.

A further study of the effect already accomplished suggests to the costumer that an improvement might be made by adding a skirt effect of feathers, and this is accomplished, as shown in the third photograph.

Perhaps the success of the Mother Eve fig-leaf act in the London Gaiety production has inspired a somewhat similar scene in a New York show. The photograph on the right-hand side of this page shows an American actress in the American costumer's conception of a fig-leaf gown with skirt and train attachment.

There is also printed on this page a quite interesting photograph of a very recent evening dress designed by Drecoll, of Paris, which happens to be not so very different from a fig leaf costume. This gown by the French dressmaker is made of gray silver satin and black lace, set off by fig leaves and grapes.

It is very interesting to see, as these pictures show, how Mother Eve, working with her primitive dressmaking tools in the Garden of Eden, really was laying the foundations for a style of woman's dress which has persisted down to the present day.

Women of various savage tribes in Africa, the South Sea Island and Australia approximate the fig-leaf costume fashioned by Eve in the Garden of Eden even more closely than the women of our own civilized cities. In fact, many of these savage beauties wear about their waists and across their bosoms garments that in size, shape and general appearance look almost exactly as those of Eve must have looked. But they are usually fashioned out of reeds or grass instead of leaves.

Those who view with alarm the spirit of undress which has seized modern woman will be more disturbed than ever by the possibilities suggested by the comparison of the up-to-date evening gown shown on this page and the costume which Biblical scholars believe Eve wore in the Garden. It is quite plain that the woman wearing it will need to reduce her body-covering only a little more in order to be as nearly nude as the first woman was after she donned her fig leaves.

To see an actress on the stage of a theatre or music hall exposing as much of her body as Eve did after she had completed her leafy apron and put it on is no longer a novelty. And many think that society women will go on aping the example set in the theatre until it will be nothing unusual to see in our fashionable drawing rooms and even on our streets quite as daring costumes as Adam beheld when he looked on the lovemate God had created for him.

In all probability Eve felt as modestly clothed by her scanty garb of fig leaves as she would have if every inch of her skin had been covered. Modesty, as psychologists tell us, is a habit or fashion which is so widespread that it has been mistakenly thought to be a universal instinct.

One can readily see how the standards of modesty change from one generation to another. Our grandmothers, for example, would probably be severely shocked by some of the clothes which we permit our wives and daughters to wear and think not in the least immodest.

Not only are the standards of modesty continually changing from one generation to another, but at any one time they vary widely in different countries and even in different parts of the same country. On the west coast of Africa, where clothing is unnecessary to keep one warm, the native belles go about wearing nothing except generous bracelets on her arms and a pair of anklets rising from her ankles almost to her knees. Yet no body thinks of being shocked or even a little bit immodest.

Yet so wide is the difference between the standards of modesty in such parts Africa and civilized America that a woman who could be induced to appear on Broadway in only her anklets and bracelets would promptly be wrapped in a blanket and rushed to the police station.

The present women of Egypt [illegible] modest from a viewpoint quite different from our own. Think [illegible] as decorative as [illegible] and [illegible] Oriental maiden [illegible] dead [illegible] than the former.

Adam and Eve aprons which Adam and Eve made for themselves out of fig leaves were perfectly satisfactory to them, but evidently did not meet with the approval of God. Upon what we read in the Old Testament narrative they were permitted to wear this scant and primitive garb only a short time, perhaps only until evening of the day when they put on fig leaves.

The third chapter of Genesis, in which the story of the fig leaves is told as quoted above, goes on to say that Adam and Eve "heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Adam and [illegible] hid themselves among the trees in the garden."

As everybody knows, God found them out—called to Adam and at last forced him to answer. Then, after He had wrung confessions from them and outlined the punishments He had in mind for their disobedience, His best care was to provide them with what He seems to have thought more suitable clothes.

"Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." (Genesis, chap. III., vs. 21.)

Thus the fig-leaf costumes on which Adam and Eve must have taken such laborious pains went out of fashion even more quickly than some of our modern clothes. After only a day's wear before the aprons could have lost their smart look of newness they had to be exchanged for the much warmer, much more modest, but hardly less picturesque "coats of skins."

The modern woman who tries to make her own clothing approach the scantiness of Eve's cannot justify herself by saying: "Well, look at Eve." She did even worse.

It is true that Eve did wander about the garden of Eden with only a few fig leaves to cover her nakedness, but she couldn't [illegible] way with her very long. As soon as the Lord God found her and her husband, He promptly sent the fig-leaf aprons packing and made the first man and woman put on more clothes.

[illegible] chapters of the Old Testament hold little interest for the average woman than [illegible] in Genesis which tells of this early dressmaking experiment and how it relieved the results of it were. She [illegible] as she reads that the author had been more generous with his details.

[illegible] did Adam and Eve happen to choose fig leaves for their aprons when they are [illegible] scratchy to the skin?

[illegible] did they divide the labor of their task? Was Adam's share only to climb [illegible] for the leaves, or did he help Eve sew them together?

And which apron was made first? Was it Adam's, and did Eve, after thoughtfully considering the way it fitted him, try to give her own a little more style?

At these questions and [illegible] which seem to never [illegible] women [illegible] probably never be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Astonishing Confessions of a Bogus Nobleman W

"Count Gregory," Impostor, Adventurer and Ja

Photograph of the Baroness Vetsera taken just before she met and fascinated the Crown Prince Rudolph.

THE imperial court of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was the proudest court of all Europe—an unbroken line of eighteen nobles on both sides of the family ancestry was required for social recognition at Vienna.

Among the servitors in the palace and in the imperial stables was young Bernard Francis Seraph Gruenebaum, the son of one of the Emperor's household servants. His position as servant at the palace gave the boy opportunity to see and study the members of the royal family and the nobles and the great ladies of the court.

And later, as a petty officer in a fashionable regiment of Hussars, young Gruenebaum became the personal servant of a royal prince and half a dozen dashing and unscrupulous noblemen. In the capacity of confidential valet the young man shared the secrets of the most profligate and immoral men and women of the Austrian aristocracy. He attended them at their debaucheries, looked on at their ruinous card games, carried secret messages to the gay wives of unsuspecting husbands, arranged rendezvous and learned a hundred ways by which a bankrupt spendthrift may raise money.

Fascinated by the gay life of his noble masters, young Gruenebaum himself indulged in flirtations, intrigues, gambling, and soon had a record of scandal and debts almost worthy of titled nobility. But he was without ancestry or influence and he was thrown out of the army in disgrace.

Gruenebaum had studied the habits, the deportment and the little mannerisms of the great people he had been long and intimately associated with. He had pressed hundreds of suits of clothes and polished countless shoes and swords and saddles. He had practiced with his master's gloves and stick and monocle—he had acquired the habit of a boutonniere on his evenings out.

But one thing was lacking—a title. With all the acquired tricks and mannerisms of nobility—even to proficiency in feminine intrigues and skill in procuring money, why should he not succeed as well as a real nobleman if he only had a title and could transfer his scene of adventure to a land where a bogus title would not be discovered?

At the age of twenty-two, with a neatly engraved card reading "Baron Gruenebaum," with monocle, boutonniere and a valet, he made his appearance in London. His career at the most fashionable clubs, his meeting and swindling many of the most prominent of English titled nobility, his card games with the Prince of Wales will be told in detail later.

In England the "Baron" met many Americans, and their adoration led him to make a trip to the United States to find a rich wife. With letters of introduction from his unsuspecting social acquaintances in London the adventurer found no difficulty in establishing himself in the most sacredly guarded circle of fashionable New York society, and he accomplished the remarkable achievement of becoming the guest of honor at a reception given him by Mrs. William Astor, the acknowledged queen of "the 400."

But it required considerable funds to finance his social career among the fashionable American millionaires, and a careless little transaction about a forged check landed the "Baron Gruenebaum" in Blackwell's Island prison for ten months. This unfortunate set-back ended his career in New York for the time, and he returned to renew his conquests in London. To disentangle his name from the penitentiary record the "Baron Gruenebaum" now promoted himself to a higher title and changed his visiting card to read "Count Gregory."

The details of the magnificent "Count Gregory's" exploits in London and in Paris will all be told in these pages.

But it is the story of the impostor's latest visit to America that is the most extraordinary. For in spite of his earlier splurge in New York, when Mrs. Astor, the social dictator, accepted him as "Baron Gruenebaum" and his sudden eclipse behind the prison walls of New York's famous penitentiary—in spite of all this, the audacious adventurer came back to America and managed to get into the very cream of select society as "Count Gregory."

This time the Vanderbilts were his closest friends, and there is scarcely a prominent man or woman listed in the Social Register whom the "Count" has not met or swindled. In fact, so well did this engaging jailbird succeed that he was welcomed in New York's most exclusive clubs, he was a central figure at the fashionable Madison Square Garden Horse Show, he entered his own string of horses at the Newport Horse Show, competing with the Vanderbilts and other multi-millionaire sportsmen, and won fourteen prizes in one exhibition.

Indeed, so thoroughly well did this bogus aristocrat play his part that he was persuaded to act as one of the Horse Show judges, and the American fashionables joyously accepted blue ribbons at his hands, or with deferential humility bowed to his rulings against their pets in the ring.

Among other achievements the "Count" took on a rich American wife. The wedding which made a "Countess" of this enraptured bride was one of the social events of the season in New York, and will be described with intimate details of the ridiculous courtship by the "Count" himself.

There is a humorous side to this, of course—this blind, unquestioning adoration of the palace servant and stable boy because he aped the manners of the nobility and adorned himself with a bogus title. But another phase of the adventurer's activities is more sinister. His wicked scheme to lure an exceptionally pretty young wife to a wanton career, so that the "Count" might play his rich friends into her arms to be plucked for his own financial benefit, and her ruin and suicide—this is the blackest chapter of his career.

All this will be told with entire frankness, from week to week on these pages, by "Count" Gregory himself.

CHAPTER II.

By "Count" Bernard Francis Seraph Gregory

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I SAID last Sunday that I had lived by my wits for thirty years by victimizing my fashionable multi millionaire friends of European and American high society. To live like a millionaire among millionaires required no small amount of money, and if I swindled and imposed upon my wealthy friends they were all well able to bear the financial burden and seemed well satisfied and rather proud, in most cases, of being allowed to bask in the sunshine of my agreeable presence and bogus title.

But there was one episode in my long and disreputable career, I said, which I sincerely repent. The ghostly and gloriously beautiful face of poor Alma Hayne still haunts me from her suicide's grave.

The ruin of Captain Hayne's charming wife, her sale into the bondage of sin, her awakening and her struggle to free herself from the New York millionaires who held her in bondage, her broken heart and her shocking end—all this I look back upon with sorrow and remorse.

I did not kill pretty Alma with my own hands, of course, as I pointed out, but the wicked scheme which I planned and the downward path upon which I set her exquisite feet led as surely to her destruction as if I had accomplished it with a poisoned dagger.

In the chapter last Sunday I explained that in my career of impostor, swindler and blackmailer there were ups and down of fortune, as there are in any business or profession. At times I was very flush with money, owned a stable and a string of valuable horses, had trainers, grooms, servants and thousands of dollars' worth of equipage.

I was able to hold my end up with multi-millionaires like the Vanderbilts and compete with them on equal terms at the fashionable horse shows and country club exhibitions, and my dinners, entertainments and coaching parties were equal to anything in the fashionable rich set. But there were other times when bad luck or ill fortune reduced me to financial extremities, when the proceeds of my last swindle had been exhausted, and the time and the opportunity for another coup did not seem quite ripe.

It was at such a moment, just before the great world war began, that I found myself extremely low in my bank balance. I had on my hand a very expensive stable and many valuable fancy horses, with the heavy cost of maintaining my uniformed trainers and grooms, harnesses, equipages, stable expenses and travelling expenses. I could not afford to sell my string and thus reveal my ragged financial condition to my rich friends.

It was late in the year 1913 that I took my string of pedigreed driving horses to the well-known fashionable horse show at Toronto, Canada. As usual, I won many of the blue ribbons, and my famous coach-and-six and my matchless tandems swept all the prizes.

The distinguished "Count Gregory" was lionized by the Canadian horse lovers, who had gathered from all over eastern Canada to exhibit at the Toronto show.

The Coat of Arms of Austria.

But while I held a fine collection of blue ribbons, I did not have the money to pay my week's expenses at Toronto. My mind was busy considering ways and means for replenishing my purse. I looked over with great care the various exhibitors, who were men and women of large wealth, but did not seem to find a promising opportunity for a sufficiently large sum to be worth bothering about.

I was sitting in the golden hued lobby of the King Edward Hotel in Toronto one evening during the horse show week, when I was approached by a young man whom I had met, informally, during the afternoon at the show I had forgotten him, of course, as he had been but one of many to congratulate me upon the winning of that afternoon's ribbons. However, he recalled himself to me and said he would like to repeat his congratulations, explaining that he belonged to a British artillery regiment and was a lover of fine horses. He gave me his card, which read:

"Captain George Osborne Hayne."

I knew some officers of the Horse Guards, and we were chatting familiarly in a few moments—even to the extent of a brandy and soda at the King Edward bar. We had discovered so many mutual acquaintances that I heartily agreed to his suggestion that perhaps I might like to meet Mrs. Hayne, who, he said, also had been born in London.

As we approached his door the captain asked me to overlook the modesty of their room. "I have nothing but my pay, you know," he explained, "and that is not coming now, since I have virtually resigned my commission. My wife does not like the military set at home, because we have been unable to hold our end up as well as we would like."

Mrs. Hayne proved to be a very pretty young woman, in whose eyes I saw a dormant cleverness which attracted me at once. She was quite appreciative at being presented to a "real Count."

Their room was, indeed, modest. It was one of the cheapest rooms in the hotel, shut out from the street by the walls of a court. I felt very sorry for the little lady. After some desultory conversation I asked her if she would not join me, with her husband, at a supper in the grill. She demurred, and her husband, drawing me aside, confided that while his wife would be delighted to be entertained by me, she really did not have a gown suitable for a supper in the grill room. As soon as I could I repeated the invitation, but substituted my own apartments for the grill room, tactfully urging Mrs. Hayne "not to change her gown, but to come down as she was."

I really was quite interested in the young woman. Her face seemed to have an Austrian cast, and there was a vague suggestion in her features of some one I had known. I remarked upon this, but we discovered no mutual acquaintances in London and no possibilities of a former meeting.

It was a very jovial supper. We had wine and liqueurs repeatedly, and Mrs. Hayne enjoyed the occasion tremendously. She was a good conversationalist, much more lively than her rather stupid but worthy husband, and a bit inclined to mmmendo.

During the evening Mrs. Hayne excused herself—frankly she admitted she felt that her nose needed a bit of powder, and asked if she might look into my bedroom. I escorted her to my dressing table. On my table there were several photographs, among them a framed picture of the Crown Prince Rudolph and Baroness Vetsera, as I had known them when I was the orderly for one of the Prince's officers in Austria.

This photograph, as my eyes fell upon it, explained the familiar resemblance I had caught in Mrs. Hayne's face. She looked very much like the unfortunate Baroness. She was about the same age as the Baroness had been when I saw her; she was of similar size, and her eyes were large and lustrous as had been those of the Baroness. I caught up the photograph and exclaimed:

"Now I know why I thought your face familiar—you are almost the picture of my one-time dear friend—the Baroness Vetsera—this is she."

"Oh, how interesting!" Mrs. Hayne cried. "You knew her—and I look like her—you must tell me all about her and about her death."

"My dear Mrs. Hayne, you ask me to reveal to you one of the sworn secrets of the royal court of Austria. The whole world knows that young Crown Prince Rudolph and his lady love, the Baroness Marie Vetsera, were found dead in the royal hunting lodge at Meyerling in Austria twenty years ago. A hundred different versions of that extraordinary tragedy of Emperor Francis Joseph's son have been told. Not one of these is true any more than is the official royal explanation that the future ruler of Austria-Hungary was accidentally shot while hunting."

"And you know the true story?" pursued Mrs. Hayne eagerly.

Yes; I was present at the tragedy, but it is too long a story to tell you now."

Mrs. Hayne took the photograph of the unfortunate Baroness Vetsera from my bureau, brought it to the next room, and holding it up before her husband asked if she could see a resemblance between the Crown Prince's murdered sweetheart and herself.

"Why, my dear, this does indeed look enough like you for the Baroness to have been your own mother!" exclaimed Captain Hayne.

The conversation drifted off into other channels and Captain Hayne and his wife were much interested to hear my stories of life among the nobility, never doubting for a moment that I was of noble blood and never suspecting that my title of "Count" was a fictitious one.

Finally my guests departed, and Mrs. Hayne bade me a rather pathetic good-night, saying longingly:

"Ah, Count Gregory, what an interesting life you have lived! Wealth and association with people who are worth while! How dearly I would love to live my life among the interesting men and women and places you know so well! Good-night."

That night I lay awake worrying about my financial condition. Again I turned over in my mind the various wealthy Canadians whom I had met at the Toronto horse show. I thought of my rich friends in New York, Alfred and Reginald Vanderbilt.

As I explained last week, I had made it a rule never to borrow money or impose upon the Vanderbilts. I must retain their friendship and confidence at all hazards, because they were the sponsors for my social position, and as long as I held their favor and confidence I could swindle and impose upon the little fish in the social pool who dearly love to associate with the Vanderbilts and their intimate friends.

Constantly during the night my thoughts turned upon Mrs. Hayne. I was, personally, much impressed with her youth, beauty, vivacity, amiability and adaptability. I wondered why so charming a woman with such possibilities for social success should have been doomed to the fate of marrying a poor though worthy British army officer. I recalled dozens of stupid, very plain women in American society who had managed to marry men of great wealth and social position. How much better would Mrs. Hayne grace the drawing room or the ballroom or the deck of a yacht of some of these New York multi-millionaire friends of mine than the women they had chosen!

And a bit of conversation came back to my mind several times during the night, when I had said to her, "You are very pretty, madame; you should have all the good things of the earth," and she had replied rather pensively:

"You really think, then, Count Gregory, that my fortune is not commensurate with my face and my grace? In novels and in plays pretty women always are swimming in money if their clothes and jewels and automobiles and yachts are an indication. I have often wondered how they do it."

I pondered those words of Mrs. Hayne. I tried to get behind the words and satisfy myself as to just what Mrs. Hayne really meant.

Did Mrs. Hayne belong to the class of high-minded young women who realized that she was fitted for a higher sphere of existence, but, while regretting that the fullness of life was not for her, was content to suffer her disappointment and live out her life honorably as the faithful wife of a poor man?

Or, perhaps, Mrs. Hayne had thoughts in the back of her head which were only dimly reflected by those words of hers which had set me to thinking about her.

Had the pretty wife of the rather stolid British army captain come to an awakening that she was throwing away her life and possibilities, and was it possible that she was ready to pay the price to escape from this bondage and fly to the heights of gaiety which she longed for?

Would I be safe in guessing that behind those words of Mrs. Hayne lay a secret longing to throw off the bondage of fidelity to her husband—to accept the necessary ignominy and disgrace which might be the price of the

ho Preyed Upon Fashionable New York Society

ilbird, Once a Servant and Stable Boy, Is Welcomed by the Vanderbilts and Astors, Marries a Rich American Wife, and Swindles, Blackmails and Robs His Admiring Patrons

Alma Hayne, whom "Count Gregory" lured away from her husband and used as a tool for blackmailing rich and fashionable New Yorkers on a fifty-fifty working arrangement.

"Count Gregory" driving one of his fancy prize-winning horses at the Toronto Horse Show.

The Royal Palace in Vienna, where Alma Hayne pretended she was born.

clothes and the jewels and the servants and the gay life which tempted her?

I reasoned with myself long and cautiously, because I did not desire to insult Mrs. Hayne by a suggestion that it was ly within her power to win the ngs which she coveted, but at acrifice which might strike her h abhorrence.

And yet, if there was more preg- bey in those longing words hers than she had openly ex- ssed, why should I not assist fair lady in distress to reach r goal of ambition?

Of course, I will not pretend t my interest in the pretty wife Captain Hayne was a fatherly t. I was in financial distress, rching about in every direction some means of replenishing purse. If I could play upon ambitions of Mrs. Hayne and ourage her dissatisfaction with and profit by whatever she ht do—I had no conscience in rtaking it.

Before morning I had thought the subject out to a isfactory conclusion. I had definitely formulated a n. I fell asleep satisfied and confident.

Early the next morning I telephoned from my room to apartment of Captain Hayne and told him I would be my stables at the horse show grounds at ten o'clock e would like to join me there and examine my string horses with me. Captain Hayne was delighted, and r he had accepted my invitation I added:

"Try and be there at ten, captain, but if I should be a ment or so late just wait for me."

At ten o'clock I sent my card to Mrs. Hayne and was d to find that the Captain had left for the horse show ands and was, therefore, safely out of the way. Mrs. yne was a little surprised to see me. I decided to go ectly to the point and find out at once whether my posal would be rebuffed as an unpardonable insult, or ether, as I believed, Mrs. Hayne would welcome my crupulous proposition.

"My dear Mrs. Hayne," I began, "there is an old ge, you know, that in helping others we should not be amed to help ourselves. If you will not be too scrupu- s, I can help you—and in aiding you, assist myself. ll we call it a bargain?"

"Let us call it more than a bargain—a bond," she re- ed eagerly without questioning what it was I had to pose.

I drew from my pocket the photograph of Baroness tsera, the murdered sweetheart of the Crown Prince, ose resemblance to Mrs. Hayne had so forcibly im- ssed us at my little dinner party the previous evening.

"Do you remember," I asked, "who this women is—was?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Hayne, a little mysti- d, "it is the Baroness Vetsera—of whom you told us night."

"Yes, certainly," I said, "but what else besides?"

"You mean, she was the mistress of a Prince"——

"No, no—what was she to you?"

"I do not understand."

"Of course you do not, now—but from now on you will look upon the Baroness Vetsera as none other than your own mother. Consequently you, this moment, become the Princess Vetsera, daughter of Crown Prince Rudolph—an heiress of the Hapsburgs, scion of royalty with a thousand ancestors—in brief, the long lost relic of that tragic love that came to its denouement at Meyerling. Now do you understand?"

"You mean"——

"I mean that I, Count Gregory of Austria, will vouch for you, and of the glory and reward that may come to you I will want a share. I will make you rich."

She studied me for a few moments. Her eyes narrowed and a bit of her shrewdness glinted between the lids. Then she smiled. Holding out her hand she said:

"Now I understand. You show me the way—and the bond is sealed."

I arose, took the hand of Mrs. Hayne, kissed it, bowed before her, and said:

"As a member of the Austrian nobility, I swear fidelity and allegiance to the Princess Alma, daughter of Rudolph and Marie."

Mrs. Hayne smiled, and with a musical little ripple, said:

"My noble Count, arise! It is a delight to have so worthy a knight, of such distinguished family and admirable character, at my service."

This sealed the iniquitous bargain between the unfortunate wife of Captain Hayne and myself. The proceeds of that bargain were, it is true, all the things which Alma Hayne held dear and thought were worth while in this world.

Almost from that moment she stepped into an entirely different world. From the poverty of a British army captain's weekly pay and all the pinching that life meant on such a meagre allowance, Alma Hayne found herself the petted darling of New York multi-millionaires who opened their checkbooks at her faintest smile, who set her up with town house and country estate, surrounded her with household servants, maids, butlers, chauffeurs and automobiles.

Her jewels were the finest which Tiffany had in his showcases, and her wardrobe of clothes required the individual attention of one maid, who had no other cares. I was told by Alma herself that $50,000 a year was about what she averaged to expend on her gowns alone. Her shoes, slippers and boots filled two closets in her home—although on the day we sealed our bargain she confessed to me that she had only one pair of shoes to her name.

From the little back room in the Toronto hotel she achieved an estate in the Berkshires, with a [illegible] of servants. She captivated London and was the toast of Paris. A Roman Senator pressed upon her a palace in Venice, and in a single night at Monte Carlo she staked 20,000 pounds ($100,000) on the turn of a card, and when she lost she exclaimed with nonchalance:

"I shall have no more new dresses for a month."

Poor Captain Hayne was soon cast aside. Three other husbands in quick succession took his place.

During the next two or three days I spent every hour possible with Mrs. Hayne. I told her over and over again the story of the Baroness Vetsera—told her of the birth of the Baroness, of her first meeting with the Crown Prince, of her rise from a plebeian to a baroness, and the full details of the Meyerling affair, which I will tell later on these pages. I gave her photographs of the Crown Prince's estates and of the familiar castles outside Ichl, which was the birthplace of Mary Vetsera, as it was my own. She was an apt pupil, and in two days had assumed an engaging little foreign accent which, though it improved later on, even then was sufficient to disarm suspicion.

I coached her, too, in the ways of certain cliques of New York financiers—men who courted the relaxation which, to some, is provided in the tender ministrations of a woman younger and more fascinating than their own wives. In New York, as in Philadelphia and Boston, a foreign woman is considered fair prey by many men. I knew Mrs. Hayne would have many opportunities to capitalize that beauty and vivacity of hers—not among the Vanderbilts or the Astors, perhaps, for the scions of these families always have considered themselves as owing something to the dignity of New York's citizenship. No Vanderbilt or Astor has been known to become involved in cheap intrigue; no matter what might be the secret chapters of their lives, these chapters, if there be any, remain hidden from all observation. But few others are as careful.

When I thought she was fully prepared I arranged to put her to her first test. I asked Mrs. Hayne to dine with me, another guest to be Major Arthur Brown, nephew of General Brown, a celebrated commander during the late war. Young Brown then was attached to a fashionable

Continued on Page 16

Mending Umbrellas.

WORN places or holes in an umbrella cover can be quickly mended by applying a good-sized piece of black court plaster. This is much easier and looks far neater than darning them

DID PAIN DISTURB YOUR SLEEP?

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Frostilla when used as a base for face powder prevents chapping and roughness. Its use is a protection against cold, wind and dust. Now that cold weather is here you will need Frostilla to keep away chapping and roughness. Sold everywhere. Holmes Frostilla Co. Elmira, N. Y.

The Door of the Unreal

"As Dorothy, with a strangled cry, fell forward, a strange gray cloud, formless, yet not without form, seemed to pass upward."

CHAPTER XLI

Dorothy's Salvation.

AND then it fell to my lot to work out the method and ritual of exorcism and to make my preparations against the next full moon, which fell, as I found by consulting my almanac, in the early hours of Wednesday, the thirtieth day of May.

I decided to anticipate its coming by a few hours and to act on the evening of Tuesday, May 29, between 8:35 and 9:16 when there were specially favorable to the overthrow of evil sphitis and elementals as that period was dominated by Mercury, the most bitter opponent of all such evil things—that is to say, Mercury was in the position known as 17 degrees, 11 minutes, under the cusp of Seventh House, slightly to south of due west.

And so I laid my plans while all went well at the house both the invalids making rapid progress till we had grown more like a happy family party with the other loyal actors in the recent drama coming to and fro than a house with the shadow of great horror hanging over it, as we had been while awaiting the coming to fullness of the last moon.

Burgess was happier than any day could ever be long, and Dorothy was a different creature, though at times she grew restless, and a strange life would come into her eyes as the moon approached fullness; but I made her sleep on the side of the house away from it, with blinds and curtains drawn close to keep its baleful light from her sensitive condition, both mental and physical, while each night I closed the windows of her room myself, and fastened them securely with my own hands, placing rue, garlic and hyssop over every crevice through which the light might by any chance penetrate the interior.

I took the greatest pains with this task, for well I knew the serious harm which even the faintest ray of light from that moon might do the girl.

Our little Ann and her speedily recovering patient became inseparable under old nature's wonderful system of mutual attraction; and, as we sat on the terrace with the garden ablaze with its bright armies of tulips in regiments and platoons with their many colored "busbies" on their annual full dress parade, I was the philosopher of the party, smoking my pipe contentedly and banking my hopes on the dramatic climax with which we were planning to bring this extraordinary adventure to a close on the evening of the twenty-ninth.

* * * * *

I was all ready when I arrived and Burgess and I, with Dorothy, left the house for an alleged drive in the dusk, after an early dinner at which the poor girl made but a poor pretence.

As I watched her I could see marked signs of restlessness and both mental and physical stirrings within. And I don't mind confessing that I prayed as I have seldom prayed, as I sat at that dinner table with laughter on my lips, a glass of wine in my hand and the most overwhelming load of anxiety in my heart.

Should I succeed? Should I be able to free this beautiful girl from the evil curse which rested on her?

I shuddered as I looked into her pretty face and weighed the chances of failure in what I was about to undertake. I wanted to succeed for her sake more than I had ever wanted anything else in my whole life. The agony of night of failing was hideous.

Dorothy was dressed in a simple white and only slipped on a light wrap, as it was a warm night; and she sat between us in the two-seater, supported morally as well as physically on both sides of her frail, flower-like body.

I had explained everything to her, and she was glad to face the ordeal, though not unnaturally a little fearful and nervous; but, at her

(Continued on Page 4)

By Gerald Biss

The Beauty of Youth

While you have the healthy vigorous Beauty of youth you should constantly preserve and protect it from the years to come. Neglect has caused many women to look far older than they should. A little attention paid to the skin and complexion now by the use of

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Beginning Here Next Sunday...

THE BROKEN TRIANGLE

By Mansfield Green.

A Thrilling Story of Forbidden Love and the Tragedy to Which It Led.

Spinach Souffle.

COOK 1 pound of carefully picked and washed spinach in salted water. Press through a sieve. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons sifted flour and blend well; add ¾ cup cream and 4 tablespoons grating of nutmeg. Add spinach and stir constantly. Add ¼ cup raisins and ¼ cup blanched and shredded almonds and 1 cup rich puree. Add the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites into greased baking dish set in double layer of paper in a pan of (not boiling) water and bake in moderate oven until firm.

Calf's Liver Loaf.

SLICE fresh liver. Remove skin and cut into slices. Parboil 5 minutes in salted water about 5 minutes and chop fine. Add 1 tablespoon onion juice, ½ cup green pepper, 2 crumbs soaked in cold water and wring dry, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 well-beaten eggs and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Line a greased baking pan with bacon, pour in mixture and cover with bacon. Bake in a moderate oven.

$10,000 POSITIONS

AMAZING PROOF SENT FREE

Our Free Employment Service Dept. 105

National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, Ill.

WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

Water-Maid Wavers

Produces a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather. Each coil wonderfully simple. Just as good for children's hair as for grown-ups. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to injure hair in any way. Thousands delighted. Send 25c for set of 8 waved in 4 different styles.

WATER-MAID WAVER CO.
117-B West Seventh St. Cincinnati, Ohio

BOYS' Two-Pants SUIT

$5.95

The wearer of two Suits for the price of one.

The biggest suit value in America! Double Service Knickerbocker Suit, with two pairs of full-lined pants. Coat is of high grade Cassimere in blue, green or brown mixtures. Sizes 7 to 17 years. Order by No. 201. Send no money. Just your name and address. Pay $5.95 and postage when suit arrives. Wear pants for 5 days from 7 to 17. Send coat with order and we will pay postage charges. If not satisfied in every way return pants and coat and money will be refunded. Give age and color wanted, and order by No. 201. Send no money.

Mail Bag Stores, New York City

Ages 7 to 17

Real Raisin Pie

How delightfully refreshed at night by a dessert like this

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cook raisins in water in double saucepan with salt and cinnamon until tender. Mix cornstarch with a little cold water and add to raisins. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice. Pour into pie pan which has been lined with pastry. Put on top crust which has been brushed with white of egg. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

Raisin Bread

Add Raisins to "the staff of life" and you have a perfect food

Stewed Raisins

Serve for breakfast every morning and per your doctor when you say

Cover Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins contain 70 per cent natural fruit sugar.

All measurements for these recipes are level.

The Iron Food for Vitality

He words it—
"The Iron Food for Vitality"

Iron and Energy

—give them to your husband in a pie that he'll crave because of its luscious flavor

The man for whom you choose the food, madam, depends largely on you to keep him fit for the modern business grind.

He needs foods that give him luscious flavor to tempt, and energy and iron to refresh and rebuild him.

Raisin pie is prime food in both respects.

Raisins are rich in iron. Men need but a small but definite iron daily, yet that need *is vital.* Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—in practically pre-digested form.

So if a pie is ideal dessert for the hard-working, tired man at night

Make according to the recipe at left. You don't know real raisin pie, nor does he, until you've tried this kind. You'll serve it at least once a week at his request. You'll please him and improve him, and you'll enjoy the pie yourself.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use Sun-Maid Raisins, made from California's finest table grapes—American raisins, processed and packed immaculately in a great modern California plant.

Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without seeds); Clusters (on the stem). Also a fine, ever-ready dessert.

Raisins are cheaper by 30 per cent than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Delicious raisin pie and raisin bread are sold by bake shops and groceries everywhere. Buy of them to save baking at home. *Real* raisin pie is made with *lots of raisins.* Insist on it. First-class bakers do not stint.

Mail the coupon for free book of tested recipes which describes 100 attractive ways to serve

Free We'll send 100 Luscious Raisin Recipes in a *free book* to anyone who mails coupon.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 13,000 Growers
Dept. O-327-F, Fresno, Calif.

Cut This Out and Send It

California Associated Raisin Co.
Dept. O-327-S, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS OF LIFE–

Will you add them or subtract them?

Because they are not combatted, "old-age diseases" kill off thousands of young men and women every year

Science now discloses one important basic cause of this early loss of life

A FAMOUS doctor has kept tissue cells of animals alive outside the body for long periods of time. These cells have been kept clean of poisonous matter and properly nourished. It would seem as if their life and growth could thus be maintained indefinitely.

If we could keep our human bodies clean of the poisons which accumulate in them daily and give them the full benefit of proper diet we also ought to live forever. That is an attractive theory

But it is a known fact that we can add to our span of life or subtract from it. Many men and women choose to subtract.

Under forty—yet dying of old-age diseases

Each year 410,000 people in this country die from old-age diseases. Of these 60,000 are under forty, and 105,000 between forty and fifty. Faulty eating has lowered their vitality so that they easily get infections which prove fatal—they get diseases coming normally only with old age. It is now known that lack of only one food factor—vitamine—always causes this lowered vitality.

The falling off in health caused by faulty eating may not be noticed at once. There may be only an occasional headache, or sleeplessness. It may be overfatigue, nervousness or loss of appetite to which we pay too little attention. These minor ailments may mean that health is being slowly undermined and that we will pay the penalty in later life.

How are we to be on our guard against these fatal diseases which steal on us so?

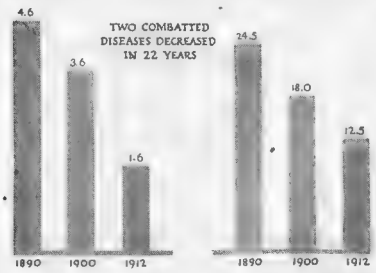
A food which builds up body tissues and helps prevent early ageing

It is only a recent and startling discovery that not only these old-age diseases are often caused by wrong eating, but that many of our daily failures and inefficiencies are really due to faulty diet.

In his latest book, one of America's leading nutrition experts says: "Accidents, damaged products and ruined machinery, as well as physical discomfort and mental suffering, are the price which society is paying for living in such a way as to foster the early degeneration of the body tissues and consequent early loss of youth."

This new knowledge of the relation of diet to health and long life has given profound importance to Fleischmann's Yeast, for yeast is the richest known source of the health-giving water-soluble vitamine.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic,



Typhoid fever—percentage of decrease 65 2

Tuberculosis of the lungs—percentage of decrease 48 9

that it increases the action of the intestines, cleans a coated tongue, and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Fresh yeast has received general attention from the public since recent scientific tests have proved that fresh yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast. Beware of untested yeast-vitamine preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures. Fleischmann's Yeast (fresh) is a pure food, rich in vitamines, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals. The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.

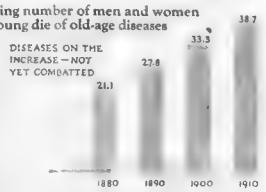
Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. *You will like its fresh, distinctive flavor, and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.* Only one precaution: if troubled with gas, dissolve the yeast first in very hot water. This does not affect the efficacy of the yeast. Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily. Keep it in a cool, dry place until ready to use.

Send 4c in stamps for booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon below. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 40GG, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

Messages of startling human importance come from the laboratory of the scientist

An increasing number of men and women still young die of old-age diseases

A famous scientist says: "There can no longer be any doubt that faulty nutrition is one of the most important factors contributing to this condition." As long as we are ignorant of the importance of proper eating these deaths will increase. Percentage of increase shown on this chart—83.4.



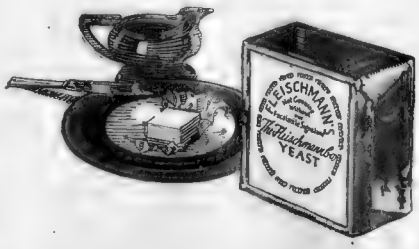
What the charts show

The charts show how typhoid fever and tuberculosis of the lungs have been combatted and reduced, and how the diseases so largely due to poor eating have not been combatted. These diseases are still increasing.

The red chart shows the combined death rate per 10,000 population in the United States registration area for diseases of the heart, blood vessels and kidneys (old-age diseases).

The gray chart shows death rate per 10,000 population United States registration area for typhoid fever and tuberculosis of the lungs.

Both charts are reproduced from Popular Science Monthly, April, 1915



Seven hundred men and women have recently reported

on why they eat Fleischmann's Yeast for Health. The two big outstanding ailments were run-down condition and constipation. Indigestion was a close third, and skin troubles were fourth.

To correct run-down condition

Many are finding through Fleischmann's Yeast full vigor for the day's duties and pleasures! One enthusiast writes: "Our entire family has at various times suffered from a general run-down condition. At such times we have all taken Fleischmann's Yeast with the most satisfactory results."

To conquer constipation

Of the many spontaneous expressions of satisfaction from users of Fleischmann's Yeast, this is typical: "I have been subject to constipation for the past 15 years. After having tried many remedies with no results I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. Within a few months I have been relieved of this trouble, and now feel a vigor and strength unknown to me for years.

To increase appetite and improve digestion

One woman writes: "For months my appetite was poor, my health miserable. After eating regularly 1 cake of Fleischmann's Yeast, before each meal for six days, I began to see a change for the better. Now I am free entirely. My vitality is back to normal. I have a ravenous appetite and every morning I get up full of 'pep' and ambition."

Physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. In one series of tests, 41 out of 42 such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Mail this coupon with 4c in stamps

The Fleischmann Company
Dept. 40GG,
701 Washington St.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

(Please write plainly)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

When Peeling Onions.

ONIONS will not affect the eyes ... if they are held ... while you are being peeled.

Eton Dress of All-Wool French Serge

$9.98

... Send for Free Catalog of New York's Most Popular Dresses

Manhattan Mail Order House
234 W. 39th St.
New York City

Advertisement.

The Door of the Unreal

By Gerald Biss

"Each night I closed the windows of her room myself, and fastened them with my own hands, placing rue, garlic and hyssop over every crevice."

(Continued from Page 12)

expressed desire, the ceremony was to be kept as strictly private as possible.

It did not take us long before we reached the hatefulness of the Bower House hollow, a strange place in the dusk, and merely the empty shell of early associations, and I felt her tremble a little as we drove swiftly up the sombre, tree-shaded drive.

"Hold her tight, Burge," I said in a voice shaken by the intensity of the emotion which was all but overpowering me "and pray as never before for your great love's sake."

And while I made my preparations swiftly everything being arranged ready to hand, they knelt in the dusk under the old trees which made it almost dark, the moon not yet having reached a stage where it was very bright or luminous.

First I drew a circle of seven foot radius just in front of the old stone steps, all charred and scorched, and at the centre I made certain magical figures in yellow chalk—representing Mercury: and round them I drew in white chalk a triangle within a circle of three-foot radius, having the same centre as the larger circle.

And then I took Dorothy and bound her securely hand and foot, and made her kneel within the inner circle, while round the outer circle I placed, at equal distances, seven hand lamps, all of them burning olive oil.

Then I built a rough altar of wood, about a foot to the southeast circumference of the inner circle, and opposite the altar, about a foot and a half to the far side of the circumference of the inner circle I made a fire of wood, and placed over it a tripod with an iron pot, into which I poured two pints of water I had been at great pains to procure from a mountain spring of undoubted purity.

Then I prepared a mixture of sulphur, half an ounce of castoreum ... drachms of opium, three-quarters of an ounce of ammonia and half an ounce of camphor. And when I had stirred and mixed it thoroughly I added to this evil-smelling concoction a good-sized portion of mandrake root, a live serpent and just a bit of fungus.

Then dipping a cup in the hot liquid I dashed it over Dorothy, regardless of everything, and I poured the rest round her within the magic circle, calling, in a loud voice, three times upon the Evil Spirit—the unspeakable elemental who had defiled the temple of her body by taking up its dwelling there in the name of Almighty God to be gone.

And at that moment, with a strangled cry, Dorothy fell forward on her face, and a strange gray cloud, tasteless, yet not without form, seemed to pass upward like a pyramid of foul smoke, disappearing and slowly disintegrating into the air.

CHAPTER XLII.

We Ring Bells.

A WEEK later Dorothy and Burgess were made man and wife at eight o'clock on a brilliant June morning, with the happy augury of the sun pouring into the old Saxon church on the fringe of the Clymping estate; and I had the great honor and happiness of standing beside them as "best man."

And this is the real end and true story of the appalling mysteries of the Brighton Road, which until now have remained unrevealed so far as the public are concerned.

Probably long before these lines are printed most of them have written the end in their short memories among the many undiscovered crimes piled up against Scotland Yard, which is not always so much to blame as they think not by any manner of means.

And now my task is finished, thank heaven. This manuscript, I had intended, by the unanimous will of all concerned, to be placed in the custody of the British Museum and made available to the general public for a century—until all the ... in the case ... drama which almost ... and ... and ... dead and ... gone.

But on second consideration I have decided that those remarkable ... should be made public now ... not allow ... to be buried for ... curious student to bring to ... perhaps a century or more ... now.

As a postscript, I ought to tell ... of the future of Tony Bullingdon ... and Ann has, in fact, ... lived ... up to ... I ... can for some time ... of ... think, has a great deal to thank environment for—more than most of us realize. Certainly, as was the case with Tony Bullingdon and his beloved aunt, it is frequently opportunity which makes the lover as well as the thief.

The End.

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Perfect Figures—Ancient and Modern

The fully developed figure of the classic Greek type is the world's standard of woman's beauty.

"Stylish Stout" Corsets afford modern women of fully developed figure the grace and naturalness, the youthfulness and charm of silhouette, which are still so much admired in fine old statues.

"Stylish Stout"
Swiftline System
Corsets

are remarkable, too, for the comfort they give their wearers. Ask your favorite store for "Stylish Stout" when next you buy *Corsets* and *Brassieres*.

"No woman is too Stout to be Stylish"

is their important message. Corsets—back and front laced—in sizes up to 44 waist measure.

Send for new style booklet, showing various corset types.

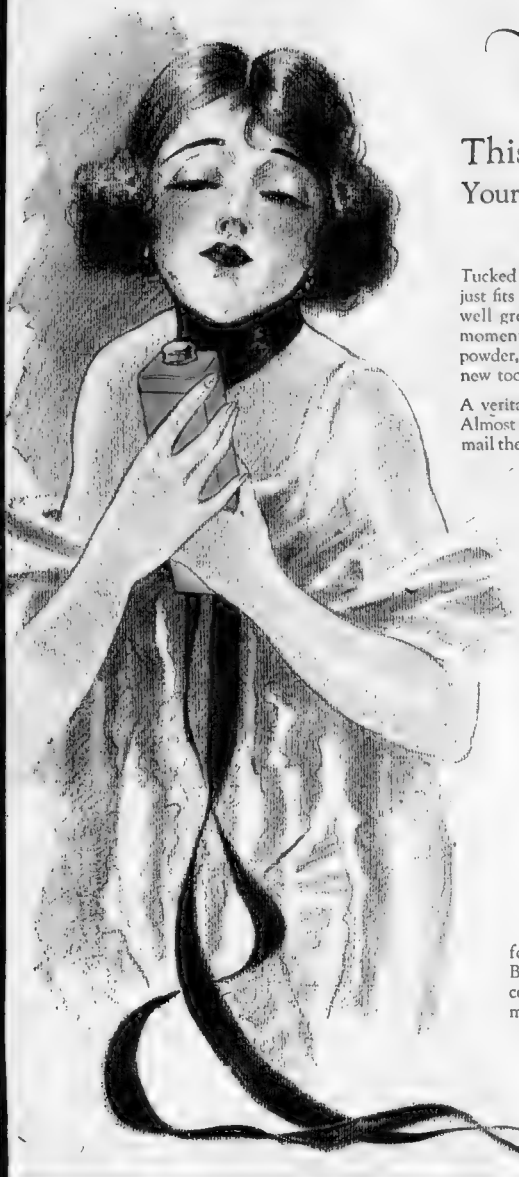
WEINGARTEN BROS.
47 West 34th Street, New York City

Your Skin Must Breathe

Nature intends the pores to breathe. ... it breath their ... Closed pores stifle the complexion. The secret of a good complexion—of beauty—is to keep the clogged pores free and functioning.

There is one sure way to a good complexion—only one—MINERALAVA. Nature's Beauty Clay perfected by 23 years of scientific research and experiment. Instead of being one more thing to put on, it is free to do its work. ... the accumulations of dirt ... and ... Mineralava takes out ... and ... dirt from the ... it does the real damage—down below the surface of the skin. Mineralava ... just one ... only and softens the ... into fashionness. Enveloping the skin with half soothing water and ... and nourishing ... finishes nothing but your ... Mineralava that cleanses the closed pores—washes it off—and is gone all in two minutes.

Daintily applied with a fresh wet ... medicinal ... the ... ... and ... You ... to ... ...



Not for Sale

This Tiny Beauty Case

Yours with the compliments of *Monsieur Vivaudou*

Tucked away in this beautiful red box, which just fits your vanity case, is everything that the well groomed woman needs constantly at a moment's notice. Mavis extract, rouge, face powder, lip stick, nail polish and Vivomint, the new tooth paste!

A veritable dressing table in your vanity case! Almost unbelievable! Yet it is yours if you'll mail the coupon at the botton of this page today.

MAVIS

IRRESISTIBLE!

Each article in this dainty beauty case will show you why Mavis Creations are so popular with discriminating women; why the name of Vivaudou has come to be a guarantee for the purest, costliest ingredients, blended by the most skillful chemists. Though reasonable in price, Mavis preparations are unexcelled—at any price.

SEND TODAY

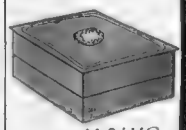
for this beautiful Treasure Trove of Beauty. It is yours on receipt of the coupon and 25 cents, to pay for packing, mailing, etc.

MAVIS TALC

The Largest Selling Talc in the World, 25c

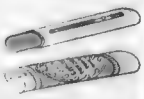
MAVIS PATTIE

of the Same Texture as Mavis Compacts — But Lasts Many Times Longer, $1.00



MAVIS FACE POWDER

Protects as Well as Beautifies; Makes You More Irresistible, 50c



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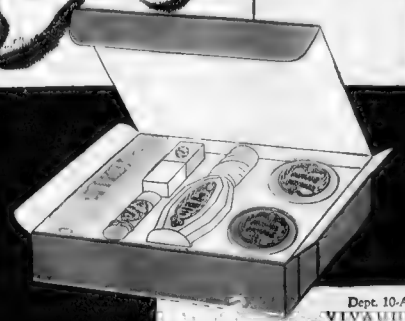
Gives That Natural Cupid's Bow, 25c



MAVIS

Irresistible!

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

Dept. 10-A
VIVAUDOU
Times Building New York

Please send me at once the Beauty Case containing six (6) of the irresistible Mavis Toilet Creations. Am enclosing 25c to pay for packing, mailing, etc.

Name_____

Address_____

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the hard calluses, without soreness or irritation.

"Danderine"

Grows Thick Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends All Dandruff, Stops Hair Coming Out

Ten minutes after using Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes the hair look twice as abundant, and gives it an appearance of life and color that is very beautiful. Every lifeless hair looks youthfully bright, lustrous and just twice as abundant.

Women! Dye It New for 15c

Waists	Kimonas	Draperies
Coats	Curtains	Ginghams
Sweaters	Stockings	
Coverings	Everything	

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

Diamond Dyes

Genuine

BAYER

Aspirin

Astonishing

(Continued from Page 10 and 11)

British regiment and on leave of absence. The Browns were very wealthy. Young Brown had been a friend of mine for some time.

I told Major Brown, in advance, that I had a treat in store for him and explained that the little woman to whom I would present him first was the Princess Vetsera, etc. I said him not to refer openly to my confidence, as, I explained to Her, was strictly incognito and not in the best of financial circumstances.

Major Brown was a romantic sort of person. He was an admirer from the beginning. He admitted to me that he hoped to be looked upon with favor, so that when she became acknowledged by the Austrian court, he could claim he would [illegible] and, she would remember him and be friendly.

All is completely changed him. When we [illegible] I merely abstained from [illegible] and I spoke he said to me, "She is the most charming person I ever have met. He can [illegible] better acquainted—how can I get her [illegible] I am will [illegible] her?"

"There, Major," I replied, "I can not help you. You see, as I am an [illegible] in subject I must not presume too much upon Her Highness's kindness now. Some day she will be acknowledged by the Emperor. Then she will be a Grand Duchess and a Hapsburg—and the Hapsburgs are cruel. She would make it unpleasant for me then if now I take advantage of her position. But I may remind you of this. Behind her British veneer there still remains the Austrian woman, and no Austrian woman ever takes offense at compliments especially if paid by an agreeable [illegible] if they take on the appearance of adoration so much the better. If she is inclined to accept the advances made well and good. If she does not [illegible] has [illegible] she will be acknowledged by the Emperor. Then she will be a Grand Duchess and a Hapsburg—and the Hapsburgs are cruel. She would make it unpleasant for me then if now I take advantage of her position. But I may remind you of this. Behind her British veneer there still remains the Austrian woman, and no Austrian woman ever takes offense at compliments especially if paid by an agreeable [illegible] if they take on the appearance of adoration so much the better. If she is inclined to accept the advances made well and good. If she does not [illegible] has [illegible] she will be acknowledged by the Emperor. Then she will be a Grand Duchess and a Hapsburg—and the Hapsburgs are cruel. She would make it unpleasant for me then if now I take advantage of her position. But I may remind you of this. Behind her British veneer there still remains the Austrian woman, and no Austrian woman ever takes offense at compliments especially if paid by an agreeable [illegible] if they take on the appearance of adoration so much the better.

Confessions of a Bogus Nobleman Who Preyed Upon Fashionable New York Society

exit from Toronto without creditors at my heels.

Mollowing my directions she left for New York with her husband the next day. Major Brown was so lost that he begged me to allow him to come to New York with me—and I consented. In New York the Major presented Alma with a diamond bracelet, which I pawned the next day for $150. She explained to him she had taken it to Tiffany's to be reset. Before long she had received enough other money from the Major to redeem the jewel from the pawnbroker—all given as a smitten swain gives candy to his sweetheart, without other hope of reward than a smile or an expression of gratitude.

I never had the charming Alma in New York. But before I could lead into her arms some of my rich and susceptible friends I must set her up as a suitable establishment and get her husband out of the way.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

How They Said: "I LOVE YOU!"

(As Told by Rex Beach in "The Spoilers.")

He wandered down beside the sea, for his battle was not yet won, and until he was sure of himself he could not endure the shadowy and rejoicing of the lights.

The sand, wet, packed and hard as a pavement, gave no trace to [illegible] and thus it was the [illegible] quietly upon [illegible] and found [illegible] sitting [illegible] with [illegible] head [illegible] and [illegible] closer she [illegible] with [illegible] her.

"It's [illegible] to [illegible] it all," he said, with his voice [illegible] out of control. "When are you going away?"

"I do not know—but [illegible] time."

He had supposed [illegible] would go to-morrow with her [illegible] and the other, to be with them through their travail.

With warm impetuosity she began: "It was a noble thing you did to-day. Oh, I am so glad and proud."

"I prefer you to think of me that way, rather than as the wild beast you saw this morning, for I was [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] I had played and [illegible] and lost, again and again, till there was nothing left. What [illegible] brought you there? It was a terrible, cruel thing, but you can't understand."

"But I can understand. I do. I know all about it now. I knew the wild rage of desperation. I know the exultation of victory."

He moved as though to speak, but held back and tore his eyes away from her.

"Why?" he inquired, gazing at him covertly.

"Once, a long time ago, I read a Lover's Petition, and ever since knowing you I have made the constant prayer that I might be given the purity to be worthy the good in you and that you might be granted the patience to reach the good in me—but it's no use. But at least I'm glad we have met on common ground, as it were, that you understand, in a measure. The prayer could not be answered; but through it I have found myself and I have known you. That last is worth more than a king's ransom to me. It is a holy thing which I shall reverence always and when you go you will leave me lonely except for its remembrance."

"But I am not going," she said. "That is unless—"

Something in her voice swept his gaze back from the shimmering [illegible] to her lips. [illegible] seaward to the [illegible] room. It brought the breath into his throat and he shook as though seized by a great fear.

"Unless—what?"

"Unless you want me to."

"O! God! Don't play with me!" He flung out his hand as though to stop her while his voice died out to a supplicating hoarseness. "I can't stand that!"

"Don't you see? Won't you see?" she asked. "I was waiting here for the courage to tell you since you have made it so very hard for me—my pagan."

With which she came close to him, looking down into his face, smiling a little, sinking a little, yielding yet withholding, while the moonlight made of her eyes two bottomless, soundless pools, dark with love and brimming with the promise of his dream.

The Extra Eggs will soon pay for one of these Automatic Self-Heating Poultry Fountains and Heaters

Made under the [illegible] Patents

[illegible] Write for circular and testimonials. Agents Wanted.

A. O. SMITH FORGE WORKS, NARAMAC, MICH.

Prunes!

California's Extra Fancy. Direct to You.

PRUNES sell according to size. Size runs from 20 to 30 down to 110 to 120 to the pound. They may all be from the same tree. But [illegible] 20-30 sizes, as offered here, [illegible] EXTRA FANCY grade. Order your supply today.

Santa Clara 20 30 Prunes, 10 lb. [illegible] 30 to 40 Prunes, 25 lb. [illegible]

BE A DIRECT COOPERATIVE BUYER. Thousands of Thrifty Housewives Know Our Direct Fair Prices of Dried Fruits, Prunes, Fancy Nuts. Send for Your Table Needs. Best Selected Natural Evaporated, Seed Inf. Food Products from California's Magnificent Orchards. Prices al. Extension Free Co.

Case of Prices

Dried Figs	10 lbs. $1.50	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dried Peaches	25 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dried Prunes	25 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dried Pears	25 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Seedless Raisins	10 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Seedless Muscatel	10 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fancy Raisins	10 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Layer Raisins	20 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dried Apricots	25 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dried Apples	50 lbs.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Standard and Standard Grades on Request.

Conservative Fruit Co. [illegible] Bldg. San Francisco, Calif. [illegible] Send [illegible] order draft in [illegible] or send on FARMERS PREPAID [illegible] Name [illegible] Address [illegible] Nail [illegible] Attached [illegible] City [illegible] State [illegible]

Priscilla Dean, famous Universal Film Star, admires Garda Face Powder

You will admire the fineness of texture—the soft, clinging smoothness—of Garda Face Powder. You will delight in its new, distinctive fragrance.

Watkins GARDA FACE POWDER

Garda toilet necessaries—and 130 other Watkins products—are delivered direct to your home, in city or country, by more than 4,500 Watkins Dealers. The convenience of Watkins Service, and the Watkins standard of quality (known over fifty years), are responsible for twenty million satisfied users today. If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

How to Get a Sample

Send 2c stamp and receive a liberal supply of Garda Face Powder, perfumed with dainty, new Garda odor, also an attractive booklet about Garda the luxurious Scent of Health and Beauty.

THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY
Winona, Minn.
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Established The Original 1868
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to help supply the tremendous demand for Watkins quality products, sold direct to the home. Desirable territories, city and country are available for responsible men and women. The experience of more than 4,500 Watkins Dealers points the way to opportunity for you. Write for complete selling plan and list of 137 Watkins products.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

LADIES' APRON DRESS AND CAP (3789). It is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 7 yards of 27-inch material. The cap will require ¾ yard.

A STYLISH, POPULAR MODEL (3784). It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 5¾ yards of 40-inch material.

A SIMPLE "JUNIOR" STYLE (3785). It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 3¾ yards of 32-inch material.

A NEW BLOUSE STYLE (3760). It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 2¼ yards of 54 inch material.

A PRACTICAL AND POPULAR SKIRT MODEL (3757). It is cut in 8 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches waist measure. A 26-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 32-inch material.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL (3794). It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make this style for a 12-year size will require 4¾ yards of 27-inch material for the gimpe and 2⅝ yards for the dress.

BOYS' BLOUSE AND KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS (3436). It is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and 1⅝ yards for the knickerbockers.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 12c in silver or stamps for EACH PATTERN (each number represents one pattern) to

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CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT—Be Sure to Fill in Name, Address and Size

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3439.....Bust 3789.....Bust
3784.....Years 3757.....Waist
3785.....Years 3794.....Years
3436.....Years

Name .....
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Fall Standard Sizes, 32 to 42 yrs.

STYLE 117—Oxonian Rib, mixed all weather cheviot, dark drab only. Coat is 30 inches long, semi-fitted, half satin lined. Skirt is new full model. Per suit, $8.75.

STYLE 118—Rich grade all wool fine dark brown mixed cheviot. Heavy weight. Coat is 30 inches long, semi-fitted, satin lined. Skirt is new full model. Per suit, $8.95.

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SEND NO MONEY

Just send name, address, bust measure and size and state.

Pay postman on arrival only price of suit. If not entirely satisfied return and we will refund your money promptly.

NEW'S GARMENT CO.
30 East 20th St., New York City.

One cream alone cannot do justice to your skin

Every normal skin needs a daytime cream to protect and freshen,—and at night an oil cream to cleanse

For daytime use—*the cream that will not reappear in a shine*

A tired looking skin adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly use Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream is made without oil—you can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream, and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. Your skin relaxes at the cool, refreshing cream works in. The dullness, the flat, unbecoming tones disappear—your complexion takes on a new freshness.

When you powder, do it to last. First smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then powder. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

—At night—*the cleansing cream made with oil*

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today. Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores, and they will not encourage the growth of hair. In both jars and tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company, 131 Hudson St., N. Y.

POND'S
Cold Cream
& Vanishing Cream

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M & K Corset

Its unusual, scientifically constructed elastic gores (clinging and stretching in the direction to fit natural motion) make it the most comfortable corset you have ever worn. Endless variety in styles, sizes, lengths. Write for Free Style Book, illustrated description and expert measurement system. Address Dept. 20

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This fragrant, velvety, soft cream makes ready to use. Merely spread it on the hair covered surface—then rinse with clear water. The hair vanishes—leaves the skin smooth and white—no "after treatment" or "soothing cream required. Better than a razor for the underarm. Nothing so good or easy to use for removing hair from large surfaces such as legs and arms. Get it at your favorite toilet counter or send 20c—silver or stamps—for liberal trial package.

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Is your profession or business living up to the real YOU?
Do you know how to win friends and attain your ends?

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the value of New Thought and used it to attain her desires and advised others to do so in her little booklet called "What I Know About New Thought."

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Oatmeal, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Ham, Toast, Coffee.	Grapes, Cooked Cereal with Cream, Chipped Beef, Muffins, Coffee.	Cooked Fruit, Creamed Chipped Beef, Muffins, Coffee.	Cereal with Dates, Whole Wheat Bread Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Baked Apples, Broiled Bacon, Hashed Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee.	Steamed Dried Fruit, Potato and Fish Cakes, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Beef Hash, Hot Biscuits, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Sardines, Scalloped Potatoes, Whole Wheat Bread, Coffee.	Cabbage au Gratin, Relish, Hot Baking Powder Biscuits, Jam, Tea.	Oyster Omelet, Spinach, Rolls, Tea.	Lentils and Potatoes in Casserole, Lettuce Salad, 1,000 Island Dressing, Tea.	Fried Fish, Tartare Sauce, Golden Corn Muffins, Tomato Pickles, Lemon Jell, Coffee.	Spaghetti in Cheese Shell, Endive Salad, Toasted Muffins, Cranberry Pie, Tea.	Emergency Consomme, Boiled Fowl, Oyster Gravy, Browned Sweet Potatoes, Cranberries, Fruit Puffs with Puree of Apricots, Coffee, Sapped Potato Chowder, Thin Corn Cakes, Apple Sauce, Tea.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	
Cream of Peanut Soup, Polenta, Tomato Sauce, Creamed Cauliflower, Egg and Spinach Salad, Fruit Compote.	Stuffed Beef Heart, Brown Sauce, Boiled Rice, Sugared Carrots, String Bean Salad, Apple Snow, Thin Cream.	Brunswick Stew, Sweet Pickles, Corn Sticks, Baked Bananas with Raisins, Coffee.	Panned Rabbit, Savory Sauce, Carmet Jelly, French Fried Sweet Potatoes, Glazed Onions, Fruit Salad.	Creamed Oysters in Ramekins, Mixed Pickles, String Bean, Carrot and Lettuce Salad, Cooked Dressing, Fruit Sponge.	Round Steak, Corn Bread Stuffing, Sugared Carrots, Buttered Cabbage, Steamed Prunes, Whipped Cream.	Potato Chowder, Thin Corn Cakes, Apple Sauce, Tea.

The Spice Shelf

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ONE of the outstanding joyous recollections of my girlhood is being permitted to stand on a chair and clean the spice shelf. What a delight to handle all the little bottles and jars, to carefully spoon from one package to another, to screw on the tops and put every jar, neatly filled, back on the shelf! I not only "played store" with real groceries, but I worshipped at this shrine of the pantry shelf where were set these gods of "Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice."

And ever since, up to the present day, when I have a spice shelf all my own, I have felt the importance of well-filled jars and bottles and a wide and cosmopolitan assortment of herbs and things that flavor. Every once in a while I grow in my garden some green herbs for my Winter use. Other friends send me some and many I buy. Constantly I try new flavors and new tastes upon my patient family.

Who knows curry? I find this one of the many seasonings seldom used in this country. Yet this odd yellow powder blended in India conforms many a humdrum dish into one fit for an epicure. Mutton and chicken both lend themselves to it, and many indeed are the curries of mutton had on Tuesday from the remains of Sunday's roast. Buy a well known brand, then use sparingly and keep the bottle always corked.

Who knows thyme? Again I find this an herb better known in Italy and elsewhere than here. It is rather strong, so that the tiny seeds should be used cautiously. But it gives many sauces a pleasing flavor, and I like it in spaghetti, in beans and in several soups.

Who knows cardamon seeds? These white shell-like seeds which resemble large orange pits have several black inner seeds which give the peculiar lemon flavor. Just a couple of these seeds cracked open and added to apple sauce stewed prunes, pears, etc., will give a most welcome change from the very cold lemon. I like them also in fancy breads, such as raisin bread, tea cake, etc. Purchase a dime's worth and give them a trial.

Who uses whole cloves in meats and soups? My mother is the chief famous, and I recall this as being her favorite spice. A couple of cloves added to a vegetable or meat soup give a baffling but delightful aroma. Meat sauces, all made dishes of meat, etc., are toned up by the use of the whole clove which may be stuck into the meat or cooked and removed later from the sauce.

Everyone should use more bay leaf. Just a nickel's worth will go a long, long way to adding another flavor to soup, gravies and meats. But use very, very little, a third of a leaf is generally plenty for any one dish because the flavor is so strong that it kills everything else.

For all seasonings where a mild or sweet pepper is required paprika holds its own. In salad dressings, over vegetables and in the sauce of the goulash and ragout paprika lends the tonic qualities of pepper without the sting of the strong cayenne.

Who uses garlic? Italians, of course. But so also should the American housekeeper who desires the pungency so many dishes do require. Just a rub on the bottom of the bowl or pot and we get the flavor of onion raised to the nth degree! But garlic and all onions are most wholesome, and it is an absurd and snobbish attitude to take that onions don't agree with you or that the family will decline socially if onions are added to the soup.

All of the dear old onions have cleansing and saporific qualities and should be used widely and frequently. I know that I converted one friend a woman of nearly forty to having steamed or boiled onions served on her table. At first she told me with pride that she had never eaten an onion in her life, and actually thought this statement added to her social superiority!

Many use mace in place of nutmeg in dishes sweet and cakelike. Mace is the ground outer network of the nutmeg, and is similar but milder in flavor. A few gratings of mace greatly enchance certain meat dishes and spinach takes on an added zest when a few grains of mace are added. Try it in many meat sauces.

Who knows tarragon? This garden herb has leaves which when added to vinegar give an aromatic pleasantness, quite different from malt or wine vinegar. It is particularly pleasing on salads and is cultivated by the French especially for use in vinegar.

Anise is a spice that is mentioned often in the Bible, and its flavor is associated with holiday cakes as well as certain buns and breads of the Jews. It is very pleasant in ginger bread and certain other sweet cakes.

Many know carroway seed only as an accessory to brown or rye bread. But the humble carroway may also be used in meat sauces, and in such dishes as fried cabbage it verily makes the dish.

One of my special dishes at this season of the year is red cabbage. I shred it finely, brown and turn over and over in some fat in the bottom of my old iron pot. When completely turned and browned I lay on the cover and let it simmer for about 40 minutes or an hour. Then I add a lump of brown sugar, a little vinegar and a generous handful of carroway seeds. It makes me hungry only to write of this dish, and I can say sincerely that for a cold Winter day's dinner, no other vegetable goes so to the spot.

Then, of course, there are cinnamon and ginger and cloves and mustard and all the other array of ordinary spices and numerous prepared colorings and flavorings. Be sure to buy the best, trade-marked brands, in small quantities, and always to keep the container or can shut tightly so that the odor will not escape. Spices kept carelessly in little paper bags are not worth using.

Try the same sauce with a new flavor and a new spice. It will make a new dish. Try to rid foreign visitors of the idea that our national dish is tomato catsup, which at too many tables is spread over every piece of food.

Sauces should be made in the kitchen and specially suited to each kind of food. There is no sense in throwing a little catsup and pepper and salt on everything that comes to the table. Food properly seasoned in the kitchen while cooking will need no other condiment later on.

The American housekeeper all too often fails in making sauces palatable and appetizing. An enlarged spice shelf, intelligently used, is the remedy.

You, too, can have *"A skin you love to touch"*

A BEAUTIFUL skin, soft, smooth, faultlessly clear—any girl can have this charm.

For your skin is constantly changing—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this *new skin* the right treatment and see how soft and lovely you can keep it.

For a sensitive skin use this special treatment:

DIP a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

GET a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin this treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

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WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Whatever your question—be it the pronunciation of *Bolshevik*, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of *Zeebrugge*, the meaning of *barrage*, *aeon*, *fourth arm*, *tank*, *camouflage*, *Boche*, etc., this Supreme Authority contains an accurate final answer.

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Tested Cooking Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Savory Chowder

COOK ¼ pound noodles, ½ cup diced celery, ½ cup finely chopped onion and, if convenient, a little finely chopped mushroom in 3 quarts of beef or veal stock. Add 2 pint of well cooked and well seasoned beans and salt and pepper to taste and serve hot with toasted crackers or thin cakes of golden corn bread. Garnish with parsley.

Baked Rarebit.

CUT 1 pound soft American cheese in thin slices. Sprinkle 3/4 cup stale bread crumbs in buttered baking dish, sprinkle with 1/2 pound of the cheese and season with salt and paprika. Repeat until all the cheese is used, using in all about 2½ cups stale bread crumbs. Beat 3 eggs slightly, add 1½ cups milk and pour over cheese and crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven about ½ hour.

Ragout of Chicken Livers.

BLANCH 6 or 8 large chicken livers in boiling salted water. Drain and put them in a saucepan with ½ cup bouillon and ¼ glass white wine. Add a few sprigs of parsley, a few chives, a pinch of garlic and salt and pepper to taste. Cook for about 20 or 30 minutes. Remove livers from liquid, arrange them on serving dish, thicken liquid with a little flour blended with a piece of butter the size of a walnut and pour over the livers. Serve very hot.

Pea or Bean Chowder.

SOAK 1 cup of white peas or beans over night and then drain and rinse in cold water to the boiling point in water to cover. Drain and rinse again and add 2 quarts of boiling water and cook gently until beans are tender. Rapid cooking breaks the beans and makes a mush-like chowder. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika and add 1 cup of thick tomato pulp and 1 pint of cooked corn. A little finely chopped and sauted mushroom is a great improvement to this chowder. Just before serving add 2 tablespoons chicken or sausage fat and thicken with fine bread or cracker crumbs.

I Teach Piano a Funny Way

So people Told Me When I First Started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I am sole to make them successful players of the piano or organ in *quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.*

DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO from the famous photo by Schaefer, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me by mail.

Investigate by writing for my 64-page booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely *different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely *away from the keyboard*, learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school" who still think that learning piano is only a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard you seem to accomplish twice as much because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I am able you to play an interesting piece, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLORTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, "QUINN-DEX." Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. **You actually see the fingers move.** Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLORTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all essential ways you are in a class by yourself. And the cost of studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means this method of studying is far superior to all others and even for the wealthiest student there is nothing better at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day and that it makes all the difference in the world.

My course is endorsed by distinguished musicians, who would not recommend my Course if they did not maintain the highest musical standards. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted at the end, without any test or obligation. for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

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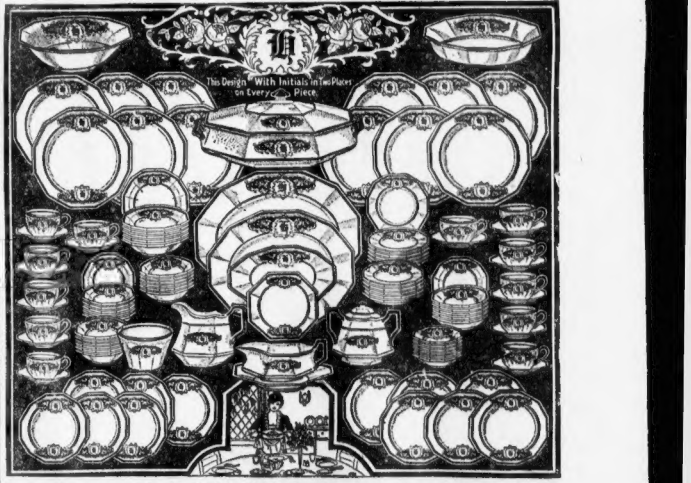

Trim match 110-piece set with initial in 1 piece to match with border decorations on every piece and gold covered handles, complete set

12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches
12 Soup Plates, 7¼ inches
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes—5½ inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 inches
1 Platter, 13½ inches
1 Platter, 12¼ inches
1 Celery Dish, 9½ inches
1 Butter Dish, 7½ inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ inches, with lid (3 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
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1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (3 pcs.)

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"Little Wireless Phone for the Ears" require no medicine but collectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are invisible, worn in the ear, and make the ears entirely comfortable. Write for booklet and testimonials. Write today for our 10 days' FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Thickened Drums, Perforated Drums, Roaring and Ringing Noises, Partial Deafness, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Tender Drums from Scarlet Fever, etc. ¶

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So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner thousands over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life first.

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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS in WOMEN AND MEN. Develops Erect, Graceful Figure.

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Does away with all strain and pain of standing and walking; relieves and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the spine; corrects stooping shoulders, develops chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, weaknesses, injuries, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. Keep Yourself Fit.

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Household Helps

Stoning Raisins.

PLACE the raisins on a tin plate and heat them thoroughly in a hot oven to make them split open easily for the removal of the stones.

Quickly Baked Potatoes.

POTATOES can be baked in half the usual time required if they are allowed first to stand in hot water for fifteen minutes.

Mud-Stained Shoes.

HEAVY mud stains can be quickly removed from tan shoes by rubbing them with slices of raw potato. Polish in the usual way when dry.

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A CONVENIENT place to keep the household tools can be made by fitting one of the lower steps of the back stairs with a hinge and using the interior for a tool box.

Washing Laces.

FINE laces should be washed in milk and water. Instead of winding on a bottle afterward, spread them around a piece of smooth-finished wood and lay away in a piece of heavily blued flannel.

Brings this 110-Piece Gold Decorated Martha Washington Dinner Set

Send only $1 and we ship the full set—110 pieces in all. Use it 30 days. Then if you are not so delighted that you would not part with these superb, open stock 3 gold decorated dishes, return them and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay on easy terms.

Your Initial in 2 Places on Every Piece—5-Color Floral Decorations and Gold

Wonderful artistic effect is given not only by the new and attractive shape of every dish, but by the wreath and the rich design surrounding the initial. The one initial with these superb decorations of scrolls, leaves and roses in natural colors, put on by special fired process, appears in 2 places on every piece. As handsome as enameling you see on the jewelry.

All Handles Covered with Gold

Every handle is covered with polished gold. The ware itself is beautiful, lustrous, snowy white. No other pattern to equal the famous "Martha Washington." Elegant, refined, artistic, and yours now at a bargain price. Shipped on 30 days' free trial direct from our Chicago warehouses. Shipping weight about 90 lbs. You must not miss this opportunity. Mail the coupon today.

Order No. 2180CMA1S. Bargain price, $34.85. Pay $1 now, Balance $3 monthly.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Important!

Unfortunately, the demand for this piece in this set is absolutely beyond belief. Don't confuse them with "seconds" or "imitations" of this famous pattern. Each piece is a perfect, first quality, open stock pattern. Order now before the limited number of pieces can be had of us for these years.

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This great free 2000-page book is filled with the most amazing bargains in furniture, rugs, linoleums, stoves, ranges, silverware, clocks, sewing machines, washing machines, phonographs, pianos, talking machines, vacuum cleaners, etc.—all of our famous high quality. Send the coupon today for your copy of this great bargain catalog.

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Send Your Name and Address TODAY

Name.....
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Town..... State.....
Occupation..... Color.....
Give Initial Wanted (Any One Letter).....

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What You Will See

Every use of Pepsodent will bring you five conspicuous effects.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In ten days let your mirror tell how Pepsodent can beautify your teeth.

Our book explains the benefits derived from each effect.

Ten Days Free

You are welcome to a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Send the coupon for it.

Twenty times this tube will bring you all the delightful effects.

The results will be a revelation. You have never known a tooth paste so effective.

In a week you will know what this new method means to you and yours. You will wish to join the millions who employ it.

Do this for your own sake now. Learn what clean teeth mean.

Beautiful Teeth

Have come to millions
Let them come to you

There is a new method of teeth cleaning. It is based on modern research. Authorities of world-wide fame now advocate its use. Leading dentists everywhere now urge people to employ it. And careful people of some 40 races do so nowadays.

Millions of people in America have adopted this new method, largely by dental advice. You meet them wherever you go. As one result, you see glistening teeth wherever you look today.

This is to urge that you test that method. Watch it for ten days. See the results on your own teeth. Learn the cleanly feeling that it brings.

The test will cost you nothing. The effects will change your whole conception of clean teeth. Life-long benefits may come from them, both to you and yours. You owe to yourself this experiment.

You must combat the film

Dental science has discovered the cause of most tooth troubles. It lies in film—that viscous coat you feel. Film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No old-time tooth paste effectively combats it. The tooth brush, therefore, has left much of it intact. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film may do endless damage.

As a result, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Despite the tooth brush, very few escape. Millions of teeth brushed daily have discolored or decayed. And pyorrhea has become so common as to be alarming.

What film does to the teeth

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is film coats that discolor, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many other serious troubles are now traced to them.

So when you brush teeth and leave film, the teeth's chief enemy is left to threaten ceaseless damage.

Five new dental laws

Modern research has discovered other things. It finds that the saliva is Nature's great tooth protecting agent.

It finds that starch deposits cling to teeth and often ferment and form acids. It finds that the starch digestant in saliva was put there to digest them.

It finds alkalis in the saliva, put there to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

It finds that certain substances will multiply those tooth-protecting agents. Those substances would come in food if we ate the proper diet. But we eat much starch, and usually too little acid fruits, etc. So these natural forces are left too weak to fight the tooth destroyers.

Now we multiply the forces

Authorities have decided that the tooth paste can apply the needed stimulation. Then, no matter what the diet, these essential effects will come.

Pepsodent is based on these new dental laws. Every use brings five effects which science deems essential.

It combats the film in two effective ways. It leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalis in the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Thus it increases several fold Nature's tooth protecting forces to the mouth. It does this night and morning—every time you use it. It does it so effectively that the results are most amazing.

Now it is found that old-time tooth pastes brought the opposite effects. Any paste based on soap depresses the saliva. They reduce the flow, reduce the starch digestant, reduce the alkalis.

That is one reason why the tooth brush has proved so inadequate. The tooth paste was combating Nature, where she needed stimulation.

These new effects now promise a new dental era. The benefits should come to you and yours. Prove them out by this short test, then decide for yourself if you want them.

Five Quick Benefits

Delightful and convincing

The Pepsodent effects are quick—some are almost instant. You will feel at once an increased salivary flow.

That increase brings a multiplied supply of starch digestant. It brings to the mouth multiplied alkalinity. These act for long to digest starch deposits on teeth and to destroy mouth acids.

The viscous film is effectively combated. Teeth are highly polished. A cleanly feeling follows, as one conspicuous result.

The prompt effects will delight you. Within a week, the visible effects will prove most convincing. When you compare old results with the new, the difference will surprise you.

Watch the Changes

The desire for beauty has won millions to the use of Pepsodent. When the film is ended, teeth glisten as they should.

Few people realize how film clouds the lustre of the teeth. They think the teeth are dingy when the trouble lies in film.

Watch the teeth whiten as you make this test. Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. See what a change occurs.

You will know that those whiter teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. And you will want them always.

If such things are important to you, don't forget this offer. Cut out the coupon now.

Children Above All

Children need Pepsodent even more than adults. Young teeth seem most subject to these film attacks. The results are often life-lasting in effect.

Dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. Let not a day go by without combating film and starch and acids. Otherwise nearly all may suffer troubles which cleanliness might prevent.

Mothers who see the Pepsodent results should teach its use to children, and at once.

Now two ways to combat it

Dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Thousands of skilled men have watched the effects.

Now those methods are advised and adopted in nearly every civilized country. And millions of all these races use them to combat the film.

Both of those methods are embodied in Pepsodent. This tooth paste reaches wherever film may linger. Its attacks on film-coats, constant and effective, form one of its chief effects.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY 763
Dept. 316, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

_____

_____

_____

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste made to comply with modern requirements.
It embodies two effective film combatants. Every application brings five much-desired effects.

Approved by highest authorities. Now advised by leading dentists nearly the world over. Daily used by millions who want teeth whiter, safer and cleaner. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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WAITER · WHAT HAVE YOU TODAY?
I HAVE CALVES · BRAINS · PIGS FEET · PICKLED TONGUE · FRIED LIVER AND A HEART OF LETTUCE ·
BY GOLLY! THIS GUY MUST BE A FREAK THAT IS WAITIN' ON US ·

BEGIN EACH DAY WITH A LAUGH!
"BRINGING UP FATHER"
APPEARS EVERY DAY
IN THE BOSTON AMERICAN

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Bringing Up Father

OH! THOSE SNAILS WERE HORRID · I FEEL WEAK · I'M GOING HOME AN HAVE SOME TEA ·
TAXI!!!
I'M GONNA WALK AROUND A BIT TO FORGIT THEM SNAILS ·
2

SEE · THERE IS AN AMERICAN EATIN' THEM ·
?
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ORDER OF THEM SNAILS AN' I'LL BE IN TOMORROW AT THIS TIME FOR SOME MORE · WILL YOU BE HERE?
10

)I I HOID A GOOD
NE THE OTHER DAY
FELLER SAYS TO ME,
)ID YOU HEAR ABOUT
IE HOLD UP IN SMITH'S
ACK YARD?" I SAYS
IO, TELL ME ABOUT IT."
E SAYS "TWO CLOTHES PINS
ELD UP A SHOIT"
HAR, HR, I MUST TELL THAT TO MIRANDY!
SI IS A GOOD SCOUT BUT HE'S SHY ON BRAINS.
YEAH. AND HOOLIGANS TOP FLOOR IS UNFURNISHED.

COMIC SECTION
OF THE
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
November 6, 1921

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Down on the Farm

I'M WILLING TO PAY EIGHT DOLLARS FOR A WATCH DOG; ZERI. BUT HOW DO I KNOW THIS ONE IS ANY GOOD?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, SI. YOU CAN KEEP HIM FOR TWO DAYS ON TRIAL. HE'LL FLY AT ANY STRANGER THAT COMES ON YOUR PLACE. HE WONT TOUCH YOU 'CAUSE HE'S SEEN YOUR CLOTHES.
1

SI WHY DONT YOUSE THROW THAT GOWN OVER HIS HEAD AND RUN FOR THE HOUSE!
SHUT UP! IF I HAD A CLUB I'D LICK HIM AND THEN I'D LICK YOU!
G-R-R!
8

WE'VE BEEN TREED ALL NIGHT!
YOO HOO, ZERI CAN WE COME DOWN?
HELLO SI, I CAME AROUND TO SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE DOG. THIS IS YOUR OWN FAULT. YOU HAD NO BUSINESS TO PUT ON THAT DRESSING GOWN. HE NEVER SAW IT BEFORE.
G-R-R
9

YOUSE BETTER TIE HIM UP LIE MIGHT HOIT SOMEBODY
NOW YOU KNOW THESE GENTS, DONT MAKE ANY MORE MISTAKES, GET ME!
I'LL TAKE HIM, ZERI. HERES YOUR EIGHT DOLLARS.
10

WHAT WAS THAT IMPORTANT MATTER YOUSE WANTED TO SEE ME ABOUT, SI?
I FORGET. COME UP TO THE HOUSE AND GET SOME BREAKFAST
11 F. OPPER

WHERE WERE YOU AND HOOLIGAN LAST NIGHT? PLAYING CARDS IN THE BARN, I SUPPOSE!
WE WAS TRYING OUT THAT WATCH DOG. HE'S A BOID!
I PAID EIGHT DOLLARS FOR HIM.
12